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Ironing Day

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The lady went to sea

By Humphrey Knight

DORA'S eyes stared beseechingly into John's, but John's eyes looked back with irony. "Oh, John, do come down, please. It's a lovely day and I want to see my boat——"

"Did you call it a boat? The Rosalyn is a wreck."

"All she wants is some paint and a bit of doing up——"

"All she wants," John said decisively, "is rebuilding. You take that old boat one mile outside the harbor and she'd sink with shock."

"Uncle Jesmond used to sail her——"

"——Five years ago. She's been in a mud berth ever since. She never was up to much, and now, just because the yard were kind enough to refloat her because you bewitched them, and moored her up on their quay, you want to put her out to sea immediately. The idea's fantastic."

"But we could do her up. She's mine, don't you understand? It was very sweet of Uncle Jesmond to leave her to me."

"I think it's about the most lethal bequest you're ever likely to receive. Besides, I don't like the sea—not to sail on. A nice deck chair and I'll watch the sea all day long. But I don't want to sail on it any more."

"You enjoyed being in the Navy—you commanded an M.T.B. You can navigate, you've had heaps of experience——"

"Exactly. More than enough. There was a war on. That was different—besides I joined the Navy because I liked the uniform."

"You once told me," said Dora with suspicious sweetness, "that you'd always played boats in your bath and that you were a sailor at heart."

"That," said John uncomfortably, "was a line shoot. That was the first time I met you. I'd only been demobbed about six weeks. I still wasn't quite sure whether I was fish or architect. I'm now very certain that I'm architect. Dry land for me every time. And very definitely not the rolling sea in an old crate like the Rosalyn."

Dora pushed a strand of hair off her forehead. Again she thought that if ever John did ask her to marry him, she would be marrying a very stubborn man.

Knowing his stubbornness, she was sensible enough not to argue further.

"Anyway, darling. It is a beautiful day. Won't you come down to the coast with me? You can sit in a deck chair—in fact, I will stand you the cost of a deck chair all day. I'll look over the Rosalyn."

"You needn't think you're going to cajole me into painting and scraping the Rosalyn, going over all her gear, or anything like that. I'll come, but I'm not going to be nautical. So remember."

An hour and a half later John and Dora stepped off the train and walked down the road to Sandsea Harbor.

"Do they," asked John pointedly, "have deck chairs in the harbor?"

"There are two perfectly comfortable bunks on the Rosalyn——"

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ILLUSTRATED BY KOSKIE

Clifford was beyond helping her, so Dora was most surprised when a voice said: "Could I help?"

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The Lady Went to Sea

Continued from page 3

JOHN was quite firm. "I do not want to spend a hot summer day lying on a smelly bunk inside the dark cabin of a rotting old hulk."

"The Rosalyn does not smell. She's not rotting—and you can pull out one of the mattresses and recline on deck. That's much more comfortable than a deck chair."

John sighed. Dora, despite her only five feet two inches and slim figure, could be exceedingly tough. Yes, tough he decided was the only word. Still, there was no point in quarrelling on such a beautiful day.

"There . . ." said Dora in the kind of voice most girls use when gazing on a lovely baby, "there she is . . ."

The Rosalyn was tied up alongside the quay. She looked sad, disreputable, and uncared for. Her planks were lined and all along her topsides bits of tar, bubbled by the sun, peeled off disconsolately.

"Oh . . . the poor, poor neglected thing!" breathed Dora, patting the Rosalyn's gunwale tenderly.

"Yes," said John, manfully repressing a hysterical laugh.

Dora jumped on board. Excitedly she walked round the deck, clucking over the rusted winch and lovingly fingering the stove pipe funnel in the bows.

John, still on the quay side, cast a quick eye up and down the Rosalyn and shuddered.

"Well . . . what now?" he asked.

Dora came out of her trance. "Of course, darling. Your mattress."

She went down into the cabin and struggled up with what at first appeared to be a body. But it was only the mattress, mildewed, smelling romantically of mud, paraffin, and damp.

"You don't imagine I'm going to lie on that?" said John.

"Didn't you," asked Dora, "use to sleep on the deck when you were in the Navy? Because of action stations or something?"

"Yes, but not from choice. I told you—I don't want to be reminded of my naval days—they were much too tiring."

"John . . .?"

"Um?"

"Would you, just for me, go over the boat with me? Tell me exactly what needs doing to her? Would you do that? Just this once, then I won't drag you on board ever again."

"I've told you what she needs—"

Dora smiled, and when she smiled the salt ran out of hardened seamen and made them float the Rosalyn and tie her up alongside a quay. When she smiled, shipwrights, who ought to have known better—men with taciturn natures—told her (because they just couldn't stand seeing that smile die) that maybe something could be done to the Rosalyn.

And so Dora smiled at John and John swore silently some of the colorful oaths he had learned on the lower deck. But he stepped on board the Rosalyn.

In silence, with Dora tense at his heels, he went over the Rosalyn.

Then he sat down, with the experienced ease of a man who has learnt how to make himself comfortable on a hard deck, and told Dora exactly and in frightening detail what the Rosalyn needed doing to her.

Dora listened.

Finally John said, "And I'm being entirely honest. She could be done up—just for summer sailing. But you must never take her out in any kind of weather. And, of course, it'll cost you much more than she's worth."

But Dora said primly, "I shall do it myself then."

John gasped. "Do it yourself? You couldn't possibly. All her planks need recaulking——"

"I'll learn how to cork——"

"Caulk! It's quite a skilled job. You have to run hot glue——"

"Hot glue or not, I'll do it myself. Since it's obvious you won't help me." Dora looked at him hopefully.

"I will not."

"Not even in an advisory capacity?"

"I," said John with masculine pomp and circumstance, "have given you my advice. I've advised you to give up the whole idea. I may have developed an unreasoning dislike of the sea and all its wonders, but this old tub is certainly the last kind of boat to persuade me that the sea is wonderful and romantic."

He smiled. "But I will give you a present of a good pump and pay for its installation. The rest is up to you. Now let's go and find that deck chair."

So for the next month, over weekends, Dora worked on the Rosalyn. But she did not work alone for long. The word got round, and somehow there was always one of the men from the yard dropping by with advice and practical help.

Poor John's reputation dropped with the speed of an elevator. Things were said, "Fancy 'im letting a pretty young girl do the Rosalyn on 'er own."

"Born lazy, that's my guess."

"Nah! These naval officers—too proud to dirty their hands. The Navy don't breed seamen!"

And then, on the last week of August, with her holiday only a week away, Dora, becomingly, though impractically, dressed in colored shorts and sweater, was painting Rosalyn's sides when a young man dressed in immaculate yachting clothes strolled up and gazed in admiration—but not at the Rosalyn.

"Good morning," said the young man in a voice whose intonations must have cost his parents a lot of money.

DORA looked up. He looked like a real yachtsman. He looked quite handsome too—in a careful kind of way. "Good morning," she said, and went on painting.

Obviously the young man thought the morning had quite suddenly become very much more than good.

"Your boat?"

"Yes."

"Nice."

"Yes."

"Working on her alone?"

"As you can see," said Dora.

"You must be quite an expert."

Dora, whose back was beginning to ache, got up off her knees and laid down the brush.

"I know a lot more than I did when I started."

"She's nearly finished, is she?"

"Yes, it's my holiday in a week. I hope to be able to take her out—if the weather's all right."

The young man looked at the Rosalyn.

"Seems pretty sturdy. You oughtn't to have much to worry about."

Of course, praise of the Rosalyn went straight to Dora's heart. No one ever praised her—the most she had got from the local seamen was, "Arr, well, she's looking a bit more like."

So Dora smiled at the young man, and the young man smiled back.

"What about crew?" he asked, "you can't possibly handle her on your own?"

"I'm—I'm not sure yet," answered Dora, thinking wistfully of John.

"I'm staying down here for two months—my father has a motor cruiser. We're the Earnshaws, you know."

Please turn to page 28

Talking BIG

by T. Wendel-Hills

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SEVENTH INSTALMENT OF A TEN-PART SERIAL

Cyanide for supper

BY MARGOT NEVILLE

WEDDING preparations and a murder are strangely mixed when EDDIE HEATHERINGTON, theatrical personality, is poisoned with cyanide in the flat of MARGARETTA GAIFORD the week before her nephew WILLIAM JENNINGS is to marry wealthy SUSAN WYNNE.

Those involved include VERONICA and CLIVE RAWLINGS, Veronica's father, ANDY PHIPPS; HUGO FREEMAN, art decorator; KLINGER, masseur; UNA, housemaid.

DETECTIVES GROGAN and MANNING inquire into numerous features of the case, including a visit paid to Margaretta's flat by BOB ADAMS, tenant of the flat opposite. Susan, secretly in love with Bob, concocts a story to cover this. She has, meanwhile, asked Bob to analyse for her the contents of a tin from Andy Phipps' pantry.

Bob finds this to be cyanide and urges her to give it to the police, but it disappears from Susan's room. NOW READ ON:—

ON the following afternoon shortly after luncheon, Grogan walked into a dry cleaner's depot near Rushcutters Bay. It wasn't a large establishment. Behind the counter there were piled up cardboard boxes and a rack where, hung on hangers, were suits, frocks, and coats just come in from the factory.

The small foreign woman put out a hand for the ticket. Instead, the inspector showed her his police badge, which seemed to satisfy her more than adequately.

She drew forward her book and flipped the pages back with nervous waxen fingers. 12th—11th—10th—Heatherington—flannel suit—number 307. She turned to the rack, took down a hanger and laid on the counter before Grogan the expensive and immaculate suit of light grey flannel for Eddie never to wear again.

Folded in two and pinned to one of the lapels was a small square of paper. Anything found by the cleaners at the factory, she explained virtuously, was put aside and fastened to the garment. It didn't matter how small it was, it was always kept for the customer.

"I suppose you find all sorts of things," the inspector said chattily.

"Indeed yes. Sometimes letters that could bring about divorce."

Grogan unpinned the piece of paper from the lapel, stood looking at it for a moment, and then put it in his pocket.

Ten minutes later he was sitting in the front parlor of Eddie's ex-landlady, Mrs. Barbour.

There wasn't any beer on the table to-day as there had been at the inspector's first visit. The black-and-gold cushions looked deflated; and so did Eddie's ex-landlady, as though, since yesterday, the heightened emotions—whatever they may have been—that she had felt at his death had subsided, leaving her sagging over the event.

Grogan said, "What day did you say it was he took that grey suit of his to the cleaners?"

She looked at him dully. There didn't seem to be, either, the same readiness to answer questions to-day.

"What day? . . . I don't know. I'll have to think back . . . It was the day he got back from Leura. That was last week—Thursday."

Grogan got up from the window-seat where he was sitting, his back to the light, facing her. He said, "Look, why do you keep on saying Leura. That he went to Leura?"

"What do you mean?" She looked up quickly.

"You know he never went to Leura."

"I big your pardon, I do not."

"Well, he didn't. Those few days he was away he was in Melbourne."

"In Melbourne?"

"That's right."

"I don't believe it."

"It's true, all the same. I went to the cleaners. That grey suit of his—it had a docket from a Melbourne shop they'd found in the pocket pinned to one of the lapels."

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"I am."

She jerked out of her chair. You could see she still wanted to say, "That's a lie!" Still wanted not to believe the one wrong done to herself that she couldn't take from Eddie: the lie about his doings, his comings and goings and society activities.

An angry color rushed up under her skin, clashing oddly with the tenderer shade laid on it. "Melbourne," she said. "That's where he was, was it? The dirty little liar!" Her voice had ceased to be politely modulated. "And he talked like a book all about the caves and the waterfalls at Leura, the Blue Mountains!"

Grogan thought, yes, for some reason or other Heatherington had kept Melbourne out of the picture. Now why? He'd put it over her all right, and was she sore to find it out now!

There were different kinds of roles, he thought, that a woman could play in a man's life and the confidante wasn't the least satisfying for some women.

"You can do what you like," it boiled down to, "behave no matter how badly, and you won't hear a word of reproach so long as you let me in on it all . . ."

"Why do you think he didn't tell you he was going to Melbourne?" he asked.

"That's it, that's just it. Why? Why didn't he tell me? He told me enough. The hours I used to sit listening to him!—where he'd been, who he'd been with . . ."

Upstairs, with her lying on his bed, smoking and talking while he dressed to go out. Or down in her kitchen over a chop and a bottle of wine, him sharing the food she'd bought and prepared for herself. There was always enough for the two of them, saved him cooking . . . The fun and the closeness of it . . .

Grogan asked, "What do you think he was up to? Do you reckon he went off to Melbourne with someone for a bit of fun?"

"Eh? . . . What? . . ." She was biting angrily at her lips. "What's the good of asking me that when I never knew he went there at all?"

"Well, what'd he tell you when he said it was Leura?"

"Oh, that? He said he was going up there with one of the kids from the theatre. And her scraggy old mother!" Her laugh exploded bitterly, mocking her own gullibility.

"The morning he went a woman rang him up. I answered the phone. I thought at the time her voice sounded young, sort of lively, considering she was dripping with wrinkles and fallen arches according to him!"

Appealed to by Margaretta, Hugo agreed with the dressmaker. The frock, to his mind, was faultless.

"Yes . . . I don't reckon that was anybody's dear old mum. More likely one of his rich friends he was having a little flutter with that had to be kept dark."

"To spare her reputation!" she sneered. "Some young society girl. Or a married woman."

"Any of that sort ever come here to visit him?"

"No. I told you yesterday. Nobody ever came to see him here."

"Except the once, you said."

"Oh, that? That was a man."

"When was it?"

She thought back. "Four—five days ago."

"Within the last week, after he got back from Melbourne, anyhow?"

"Oh, yes."

"Did you see this visitor?"

"No. I was in my room, about half past seven, getting dressed to go out. The show wasn't doing much business and Eddie'd given me a couple of seats."

"So you don't know who this visitor was or what he came for?"

"I know they seemed to be having a bit of a barney, talking loudly. I heard their voices."

"Now look, Mrs. Barbour, you're a bit of an expert on voices. Didn't you make up your mind that time, too, if it was an old voice or a young one?"

"No, I didn't. The door was shut. It was Eddie I heard mostly. Then his friend, whoever it was, came downstairs and went out . . . His step didn't sound too young though, now I come to think of it."

"Look, you say Heatherington told you everything. Didn't you ask him afterwards who it was had been up with him?"

"Yes . . . I did," she said suddenly. "He said something or other. I believed him. Just said it was a pal from the theatre or something. He was clever. I expect he knew how to make me think there was nothing to tell when he didn't want to tell it. Well, he had to die for me to find out what he was really up to."

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ILLUSTRATED BY KEMBLE

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Purely Platonic

CAMILLA had pulled herself up on her shoe-strings, and she didn't intend to let go. She drew divine, elegant creatures who advanced towards her with the most improbable steps. They represented everything she wanted in life—luxury, refinement, ease. They were models for herself.

She had achieved such perfection in her own particular line that when a firm wished to put something over—striking a snob appeal—it paid her a colossal price. At twenty-four she was sitting very pretty, and proud of it.

Success only strengthened her ambition. Barty, a friend of hers, often said it would bring her to grief. He had lost count of the number of times he had proposed to her, and been refused.

Through lack of encouragement, he had emerged from the fervent love-making stage . . . and this put him in a position to say what he thought. Camilla took no notice of him. She considered herself quite immeasurably superior to Barty.

He had everything that was known to make the male desirable—except money. He was tall and dark, with a gay, handsome face and extraordinarily nice blue eyes. When Barty looked at a woman in a certain way through a forest of thick black lashes, he was quite irresistible. He also wore his clothes well, without looking like Gary Cooper or anybody unnecessarily conspicuous.

Camilla wasn't blind to these attractions—but in her eyes Barty had one damning fault. e lacked ambition . . . at least of her own go-ahead sort. So his use as purely platonic.

Camilla had a pleasant flat with long windows down one side of the sitting-room. She worked at a table by the window, littered with drawings, magazines, plaster-casts, and witch-balls . . . and there was a clear space for Barty at one end. He was very congenial company.

During working hours, Camilla would wear old clothes—and this was how Barty liked her best . . . if possible with a smudge on her nose and her self possessed hair-style losing its grip. The immaculate Camilla who wore a "patent" face when she went into battle—eyes haughty, lovely big red mouth set in a straight line, and stubborn chin—made him laugh.

Occasionally the sight of her drawing one of her incredible figures made him very sentimental . . . and he proposed again. It was as automatic as blowing his nose—or taking up a new subscription. He never really expected it to lead him anywhere. It never did.

Usually, without raising her head from her work, Camilla said briskly: "Now don't start all that nonsense again. It was settled ages ago. You'd never be able to pay the rent."

"You'd pay it for me," he returned with imperturbable suavity. "I'm a small luxury you can afford."

"When I marry it will be to a man who can give me everything," she retorted. "Keeping a husband doesn't enter into my plans. I haven't worked so hard without having a pretty good idea of what I want——"

As a rule, Barty allowed the argument to end there. One night he carried it further.

"What you want doesn't exist any longer," he hooted. "It went out of fashion after the first World War. You'll never find a man to give it to you—or if you do you'll hate him."

She looked at him in a motherly way as if she thought it was sweet of him to persist in his illusions.

"Which just goes to prove how foolish you are," she said gently. "I've found him. He's taking me to see his home and meet his family next week-end."

Camilla bought a marvellous new tweed suit to go and stay with the Carruthers', a couple of angora sweaters, and she changed her nail varnish from deep red to pale pink. She had a perfect sense of timing and an unerring instinct for the right thing.

She had never doubted for a moment that she would find exactly what she was looking for—but she admitted that she had been lucky. Somebody a good deal less consequent than Tom Carruthers would have filled the bill. He might lack Barty's Bohemian charm, but he possessed something much more important: the right attitude to life. Money and success meant a great deal to Tom.

Camilla wasn't really surprised that he had asked her to marry him—fundamentally they were the same type. What surprised her as they drove off to Yorkshire was her sudden resentment . . . that he didn't unbend a little, and say something foolish and nice; he was as cool and undemonstrative as if they were riding down the Strand.

But Camilla had never been able to afford to be capricious and, as she was rarely critical when

"Have you much more to do?" Barty asked as he brought in a steaming cup of coffee just after midnight.

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Barty had everything to make him quite desirable — except money. Camilla found one other fault — he lacked ambition, at least the go-ahead sort like hers.

By Poppy Richard

she was getting what she wanted . . . by the time they drew up in front of an Elizabethan manor, covered with creeper, her good humor was quite restored.

She had met Tom's mother several times in London, and liked her—but she wasn't prepared for Tom's married sisters, who arrived en bloc. They were hearty, bouncing young females . . . and Camilla wondered whatever their husbands did with them. She wanted to stroke their heads as if they were dogs.

Camilla had never been to a house like this before, and her first opinion was that the inhabitants didn't live up to their surroundings. But once again her disappointment was short-lived—it was impossible to resist their efforts to please. They behaved rather as though Tom had placed the Venus de Milo in their charge.

When she went to bed, lying in a tapestried four-poster in which Charles II had slept, drowsily watching the dying embers of the fire reflect in the glossy furniture, she felt entirely reconciled. She was really very fortunate. It would be pleasant to own all this.

Next morning Tom took her round to visit some of his tenants. Listening to him ordering people about as if he was some rare and peculiar being on whom their welfare depended, she began to be rather alarmed again.

She hoped he wouldn't try to adopt this attitude with her. There was a steely gleam in his pale blue eyes which she hadn't noticed before. It quite scared her. She wondered if she really knew him.

In the afternoon the men went shooting. Camilla helped Mrs. Carruthers to wind wool . . . and listened while she talked about the local bazaar. This cheered her up a little. She had always imagined herself looking perfectly lovely opening bazaars—but it was to have been a very fleeting pleasure. She hadn't reckoned on all the preliminary organisation . . . nor on all the responsibility associated with this kind of life.

She feared she must be in a very bad mood—which had happened to her only once or twice before in her life. Why must it catch her now? Soon the only things that would have made her happy were . . . a pencil, a sheet of paper, and a board.

When they heard the men returning, the girls rushed out. Camilla followed. Tom shouted that they had a magnificent bag, and his sisters ran to inspect it.

As they held up the poor blood-stained birds, something extraordinary happened to Camilla—a revulsion of feeling she was quite unable to control. Tom said, "I wish you'd been with us, Cammy, you must come next time. I'll teach you to handle a gun."

"I hate killing things," she cried, nearly bursting into tears.

He looked at her as though she had taken leave of her senses.

"It's only game," he said shortly.

"That's what *you* call everything that really enjoys itself—and you shoot it, and are pleased with yourself."

"Don't talk rot," he recommended, and she knew he meant: "Don't make a fool of yourself—and me."

She was glad when it was time to leave next day—after a tiresome morning packing. On the way back to town, she said: "Tom, I'd like a little longer to think before we announce our engagement."

"As you wish," he answered non-committally, and she knew he was relieved.

As she was dropping off to sleep, the telephone rang.

"Nice week-end?" asked Barty.

She thought he might have had the good taste to keep his question for a day or two—especially as he had known how the visit was going to turn out.

"Perfectly ghastly," she told him . . . and soon they were giggling about it all.

Two days later he proposed to her again—very formally this time.

"Why don't you get wise to yourself, Camilla?" he asked, "and marry me? It's no good pretending that you could give all this up," he indicated her drawing paraphernalia, "and just live an empty social life. You'd die of boredom in three months."

She replied so sharply that he jumped.

"I've planned a lovely life for myself, and I intend to have it," she cried. "I hate work, I just go on . . . because it's the only way of stopping. But the day I get what I want, I give my drawing-board to the charwoman for firewood . . . and never look at another fashion sketch again. I was wrong to think that Tom could give it to me . . . but that doesn't mean that I'm ready to abandon everything and lead a hand-to-mouth existence with you."

"Mouth-to-mouth," he corrected.

"Clown."

Camilla began to think that she had better give Barty up. There were moments—when her resistance was low—when he almost convinced her that the wrong things were right. She wished he'd find a nice girl and marry—then, that if he did such a thing she would murder her. She needed Barty.

During the following week, which she found extremely difficult, a great weight seemed to drag her down. She made herself over to buck up her courage, and her drawings followed suit. Barty, turning over a pile one evening, said: "If I tell you your work is improving, I suppose it won't please?"

"My work is deteriorating neck and crop," she nearly flared. "I had a sketch back today because it lacked the usual je ne sais quoi. That's the first time. Now, if you're going to undermine my confidence in my work, as well as in myself, you'd better get out."

Barty knew when it was wise to shut up. He tossed the sketches aside and said: "Get dressed quickly. What you need is a party."

Later, in a better mood, she remarked: "Tom Carruthers wasn't sophisticated enough—that was his trouble. I thought there were compensations in that huntin', fishin', and shootin' life—but I'm definitely not the type."

"Too selfish," said Barty evenly.

"Me selfish?" she cried incredulously.

Barty laughed until he choked.

"You're the most colossal egoist I've ever known. You're simply brimming over with self-conceit. You're eaten up with yourself. I'm beginning to think it will get you places—then you look out."

She snatched up her wrap and bag and said furiously: "Barty, I can't think why I go out with you."

He answered cheerfully: "If you don't know, how should I?"

Marvin Taylor was a best-selling author and quite a personality. When he began to make a fuss of her, Camilla didn't lose her head.

She knew his love affairs had been legion, and unfortunate for his victims. She planned to string him along, exercising her cool but potent charm, until he was unable to live without her. She thought she had plenty of experience for this.

At last she had found the life she was looking for. How wise she had been to wait! Marvin knew everybody worthwhile . . . and she imagined herself inspiring languishing genius.

Barty watched her blooming again and wondered. The sudden interest she displayed in intellectual subjects intrigued him — but when she asked his opinion on highbrow books he told her gently not to bother. She thought he was as ignorant as herself, and looked at him scathingly.

She was very much shaken when she discovered the magnitude of her mistake—for Barty turned out to be quite an authority on literature and art . . . having only one drawback from Camilla's point of view—an intense dislike of all the works that Marvin Taylor praised.

But he had never been so useful, and in the weeks that followed she picked his brains unmercifully, throwing off all the information she gleaned piecemeal . . . thereby acquiring quite a pleasant reputation for herself.

She was careful not to confide in Barty a second time. But when one day he said: "You were right about your work. It isn't so good. There's a shade of smugness about it," she was caught off her guard, and answered:

"Oh, rubbish. I wasn't myself that day. Marvin Taylor admires it tremendously."

"Marvin Taylor," he said scornfully. "You don't set any store by the ravings of that pompous ass?"

"Do you know him?" she asked sweetly. "It takes a good-for-nothing like you to call such a famous man an ass. And I'm going to marry him," she added crossly.

Barty's astonishment silenced him for a moment . . . then he said with deep concern: "My poor innocent enthusiastic little Camilla! If you really believe you can tie that fish up, you must be out of your mind. Half the women in England have tried—and failed. Get out quickly—before you're hurt."

It really amused her to see him letting off steam. Usually the boot was on the other foot. She gave him her most ravishing smile.

"What's the betting that our engagement is announced in the evening papers on Monday?" she asked.

"Why Monday?" he rejoined.

"Because he's asked me to go and see his converted mill on Sunday."

He looked as black as thunder.

"Alone?"

Even Camilla was afraid to try him further.

"Of course not. You know he always goes round with a crowd. But I've a hunch he means to propose to me."

Barty looked at her as though he'd never seen her before.

. . . . . .

Camilla looked round the room surrounded with bookcases and hung with green damask and wondered how she could ever have considered it beautiful a few hours before. It now seemed the most sinister place she had ever seen, and the sound of falling water outside the long windows the most gruesome noise she had ever heard.

But her opinion about many things had changed. She sat in the corner of the divan, waiting . . . and on the other side of the hearth Marvin Taylor was buried behind a book. She was determined not to break the silence between them. Her self-confidence was shattered—but she had just enough spirit left to play the injured party with a high hand.

Then the telephone rang.

Marvin reached out a wonderful white hand (his beautiful hands always figured prominently in his photographs) and answered it.

"It's for you," he said.

"Who is it?" she asked suspiciously.

"Your newspaper."

"Oh," she exclaimed, with relief.

"Camilla," said a flustered voice at the other end of the line. "You simply must come back to town. There's been a terrible mix-up. Some frocks have just been discovered that absolutely have to be sketched for to-morrow night's paper. The Art editor needs them first thing in the morning."

"That would happen to-day," she groaned—although really she felt very bright about it. It was a break—with pride and dignity getting her out of a nasty jam. "However did you find me?" she asked.

"I got on to Mr. Lucas, and he gave me the clue. He said I was to tell you not to worry . . . he'd collect the clothes from the office and take them to your flat."

Camilla rang off—and turned her attention to the problem of getting home.

She looked at Marvin Taylor, who was standing in front of the fireplace lighting a cigarette, with extreme distaste. He gave her a tolerant smile . . .

"You don't suppose I'm going to put any obstacles in the way of your departure," he said soothingly.

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ILLUSTRATED BY
WYNNE W. DAVIES

Camilla's good humor returned as they entered the drive to the lovely old home.

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Samson

By JOSSELYN HENNESSY

"Mr. Allerton's cards, sir, with his compliments," Edwards said, seemingly unaware of the chaos he had created.

ILLUSTRATED BY FISCHER

IT wasn't long after I'd been posted to Sindihipur, one of India's smaller R.A.F. centres, that I happened on Mrs. Murdoch, my group-captain's wife, in the bazaar. She gave me a sub-zero stare.

I wondered what I'd done. I was only a pilot-officer at the time, green and scared stiff. It doesn't do to be in wrong with your old man's wife, especially when she's the queen bee of a place so short on civilisation that, if you're not liked, solo Shakespeare reading is the wildest form of fun and games on tap.

The mess soon cleared up the mystery for me.

"Have you left a visiting card on her?"

"No."

"And you've been here fourteen days and nights! You'll be a social pariah dog! As a matter of fact, although she believes the outposts of Empire are held together by boiled shirts and starched manners, she's really a good sport. Get a move on and call to-day."

I was all set to do so when I was unexpectedly ordered to rush a kite to the other end of India. It would be some days before I could get back. Then I remembered that Edwards, a flight-sergeant, had to turn out at four akk emma the next day to pick up some girders from the station. We were building a hangar and started work early before the heat came up. I asked him if he'd stop off at the Murdochs' bungalow and drop my cards in their letter box.

When I got back ten days later, I'd forgotten all about Mrs Murdoch and social decorum, but Edwards turned up at once to say that he'd left the cards.

"Fine. Thanks for bothering to come round so soon to tell me."

I thought that having set my mind at rest, he'd hop off; but he just stood there looking sheepish.

"Thanks a lot," I said encouragingly, supposing that he must be one of those shy birds who find difficulty in taking off once they're grounded anywhere.

"I think you ought to know, sir," he said hesitantly, "I had a bit of a mix-up."

Slowly I gathered the shattering story from him.

The approach to the bungalow was semi-circular; you know, you drive in at one gate and out at the other. Edwards forgot to leave my cards on the way to the station, but he remembered on the way back.

Of course, he ought to have left the lorry outside and walked the twenty-five yards to the front door; but he didn't think, so, before he knew what was up, the near-side girder, sticking out over his bonnet in front, had brought the left-hand column of Mrs. Murdoch's porch down with a noise like a block-buster . . . It was just daybreak.

Edwards heard the group-captain yell, "Out of the house, everyone! It's an earthquake!" Murdoch had been in the great Quetta 'quake, so he knew. And within seconds, the old man himself in pyjamas, a scared child beside him, followed by Mrs. Murdoch in a flimsy night-dress, ran out on to the porch. A dozen excited servants came scuttling from the compound.

If Edwards had been soundly brought up to survive with the fittest, he'd have switched off his headlights and trod on the gas and I bet he'd have got away in the confusion. But in him, the noise, dust, and general bewilderment produced a combined-op. feeling that he ought to stand by as someone was sure to need help. It didn't occur to him that he might be that someone.

Besides, he had not handed in my cards; conscientiousness, not fast thought, was his forte. So he waited until the storm had died to comparative twitterings to step down, salute, and solemnly hand the old man two pieces of pasteboard engraved with my name.

Murdoch was a tall, lean, reserved Scot, who got things done at the double by the jump-to-it look in his eye. But he could put the atmospherics of a troopship's loud-speaker into his voice if he were riled.

"What the deuce are these?" he blared.

"Mr. Allerton's cards, sir, with his compliments," Edwards murmured, with that friendly, deprecating smile of his.

The old man, Mrs. Murdoch, the children, and the servants just gaped at him.

"Did he tell you to wreck the bungalow with his compliments, too?" Mrudoch asked finally.

"Oh, no, sir," Edwards said, shocked that anyone should think so meanly of a fellow-creature. "The porch was just a—a kind of an accident-like, sir . . . I'm awfully sorry, sir."

"Well, clear out. I'll settle you later."

Amidst an accusing silence that pained him, Edwards slipped in the clutch and had covered a few feet before he heard warning shouts. He was stopped by a jolt, followed by a crash like El Alamein. In turning to make the second half of the semi-circle, the girder jutting from the rear had tackled the remaining column low; the porch roof, now deprived of support, fell flat.

Edwards got down to see dim pyjamaed figures choking in clouds of dust. Over all he heard the old man swearing "something shocking, sir." Once more, you or I would have fled; but Edwards first made sure that no one was hurt and then hovered around the old man, guiltily anxious to oblige.

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The Young and Happy Bride

BY BETSY EMMONS

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

SATED with screen romance the three girls emerged from the theatre and stood outside blinking in the late afternoon sunshine, adjusting slowly to the noise and motion of the real world. Doris, the pretty blonde, was first to speak.

She was all new—pink suit, patent-leather handbag, hair newly shaped into careful whorls. Now she looked consciously at her new wrist-watch and said, "I've got to rush. Poor Bill gets home so starved—you wouldn't believe it!"

She laughed sweetly, aware that since her marriage she moved in a mysterious, exciting world which her friends could only imagine.

"Oh, you have plenty of time," said Sally, the brunette. "It doesn't take more than half an hour for you to get home, does it? Come and have a milk-shake."

"Please, Doris," echoed Ethel. "You haven't half told us about the flat and everything." Her pale-lashed eyes were fixed on Doris yearningly.

"We-ll," said Doris, patting her hair, and the three girls went into a nearby milk-bar.

They sat down and ordered their drinks. Doris held the straw with her left hand so that her golden wedding ring would catch the light.

"Well," Sally asked, "now you've been married three weeks, how do you like it?"

As Doris smiled, Sally went on, "I never thought you'd be the first girl in our crowd to get married. Not that you weren't always the most popular one of the bunch," she added generously, her tone showing none of the envy which Doris knew she felt.

"It's nice to be married," Doris said demurely. She thought of the maple bedroom suite, the kitchenette's red-dotted curtains, the enamel pots and pans, and felt herself enshrined in the fresh radiance of her status as a married woman.

"Of course," said Sally, "if it had been anyone but Bill, I'd have thought you were too young to tie yourself down. But he's so much in love with you. And so handsome!"

Doris continued to smile. Bill, she knew, had been considered a catch and she thought it clever of Sally to hide her jealousy with open compliments. "Oh," Doris said modestly, "I wouldn't call Bill exactly handsome. He's attractive."

"You know he is, Doris," said Ethel, her cheeks stained with an unbecoming flush. "He's awfully handsome."

Doris slanted a look at Ethel, her face soft and friendly as she observed the other girl's sallow skin and mousy hair. Her glow of happiness grew rosier. "Well," she said, "I'm certainly glad you girls like him because I think he's pretty nice myself."

"You were lucky you were able to find a flat," Sally said.

"Yes," said Doris. "Of course it's tiny. But I do want you girls to come to lunch, maybe next Saturday after you finish work."

She paused to let them remember that she wasn't working any more, then went on. "And when we're really settled I want the whole crowd out for a spaghetti supper. Just informal. Later, when Bill can afford it, we'll entertain more formally."

"Oh!" sighed Ethel, overcome by Doris' glory. But Sally had stopped listening. Her black eyes were caught by three men who had just come into the milk-bar.

"Don't look now," Sally whispered loudly, "but I think I went to high school with that fellow in the tweed suit and white sweater. They used to call him Tiny. What a coincidence! Look, isn't he big?"

The last three words were plainly meant to reach the man in the white sweater. Doris winced, wondering whether Sally would ever learn to be subtle. But her device was effective. The man turned to stare at them, then held with his companions a whispered conference broken by a loud guffaw.

He came towards them, pausing at another booth to pluck a paper serviette from its metal container. He was good-looking, with broad shoulders and an insolent smile.

"Pardon me," he said, offering the serviette to Sally, "but didn't I see you drop this?"

"No, you did not!" Sally replied with spirit. "And, furthermore, if you think I'm the kind of girl who allows pick-ups, you're crazy. The only reason I noticed you at all was I thought we went to high school together, only now I think I must have been mistaken."

The big man rocked his shoulders, peering at Sally. "Well, well, well!" he said. "You're right at that. Let me see . . . Susan—no, Sally! And here I thought you were just a strange girl with beautiful black hair!"

Sally tossed her head archly. "This calls for a reunion," the big man said. "Hey, fellows! We're lucky. I know this gorgeous chick! Girls, meet Jack and Smoky."

The three men crowded into the booth. Tiny was next to Doris and looked down at her. Of the three he was the most attractive. Doris, with her mouth puckered around her straw, fluttered her eyelashes at him.

"What's your name?" he asked.

With her left hand now held carefully in her lap, Doris patted her hair with the other hand. "My name's Doris," she said softly.

"Well, Doris, for a blonde you're the prettiest thing I've seen this year. Just like Sally here's the prettiest brunette." He ignored Ethel, who, as usual, sat smiling nervously.

Sally's black eyes gleamed. "Doris' full name is Block," she said. "Mrs. Bill Block."

"And she so young!" said the man called Smoky, but Tiny touched the sleeve of Doris' new pink suit with a huge forefinger.

"Too bad. I had big plans for you and me. But maybe your husband doesn't understand you, I hope?"

Doris was searching for an answer when Sally said, "She's been married just three weeks. You ought to see them. They're so much in love, it's good just to see them."

Now Tiny's smile changed. It became disappointed, then disinterested. He turned back to Sally, who was sparkling at Jack and Smoky, while Ethel giggled every time Sally did. "Are you girls married, too?" asked Tiny.

"No, Ethel and I are a couple of old maids," Sally said with a laugh.

He nodded towards the empty glasses. "We're going on to get some real food now—down at the Chinese restaurant. How about you girls joining us?"

Sally hesitated. "Well—what do you say, Ethel? It just so happens that I have the next hour free."

Doris had taken her left hand out of her lap. Now she looked fondly at her wedding ring, then at her beautiful new wrist-watch.

"Goodness," she said. "It's way after five. I really have to run because I just have to find some meat for Bill's dinner."

Tiny slid aside to let her out. She picked up her purse and gloves and hat and glanced around with a bright air of moving on to something infinitely more exciting.

"Good-bye," she said, but still she hesitated, because in her mind there was a picture of how it would be if she came along.

They would go to a place, a nice place probably, because Tiny's clothes looked as if he had money. She would sit between two men, she would smile gently into Tiny's eyes, she would speak so softly that he had to lean close, very close, to hear her. She would win his attention—yes, and Jack's and Smoky's too—all for herself. Sally's laugh would grow shrill as she tried frantically to compete, and Ethel would look on greedily from her pale-lashed eyes.

That was the way it had always been. That was the way it would never be again.

"Good-bye," Doris said again, but Tiny had sat down and was showing Sally tricks with a drinking straw. As she went out Doris tried to see herself through Tiny's eyes, a beautiful young bride who must be desired in vain since her thoughts were all on her husband's welfare. But the mental image was not convincing.

Walking towards the station Doris imagined the spaghetti supper she would give. Sally would be there, probably in the red dress which whirled so gaily when she spun around, showing her pretty knees. Sally would teach the men new rhumba steps, laughing up into their faces. Sally would be always running to the kitchenette for fresh ice and there would always be some man following.

But not Bill. No, Bill would never follow Sally. He would not even watch the red skirt whirling above Sally's knees. He would stay close to Doris, lighting her cigarettes, getting her fresh drinks, holding her hand, keeping his arm around her. He would never go away from her, never leave her for one moment.

Suddenly, as she neared the subway entrance, Doris broke into a run. Her high heels jolted her at every step but she fan faster, her eyes stinging with tears.

"Oh," she panted to herself as she ran, "oh, darn Bill!"

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FORMER FILM STAR Mary Brian looked like this when she appeared in "The Marriage Playground," made in 1929.

MARY BRIAN TO-DAY has elegance and poise. She has brought a selection of striking model hats with her to Australia.

Mary Brian has the secret of charm at 40

At the age of 40, Mary Brian, popular movie star of the 1930's now in Australia, has charm and beauty which make the average man stop for a second look.

The keynote of Miss Brian's appeal is her cultivated unselfconsciousness.

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

"THE prettiest girl in the world has little real personality until she has got over the stage of wondering how she looks and what people are thinking about her," she told me in a frank interview.

Miss Brian is now playing the lead in the play "Mary Had a Little . . ." at the Tivoli Theatre, Melbourne.

Miss Brian makes a cardinal rule of making up her face, hair, and giving her frock a final smooth before leaving her bedroom.

Then she completely disregards everything about herself until she has the privacy of her room again, regardless of what happens to her appearance while she is out.

"I have seen many girls ruin important dates by mentally looking in a mirror in company instead of giving their full attention to the men they were dining with," she said.

She suggests that clothes should be based on styles which highlight a girl's most attractive features rather than being tops in fashion.

"Some women dress to please men, and others wear snappy creations to impress women," Miss Brian added.

"But both these ideas seem a little crazy to me. We live in a world of men and women, and I think it is nicest to wear the sort of things both sexes like.

"Girls who slavishly follow instructions from their boy-friends about clothes usually end up looking frights.

"Although men know the kind of clothes they like to see girls wearing, they are very inept at describing their sartorial selections.

"If you follow a man's instructions before buying a hat, you are likely to hear him say when you come back: 'Yes, it's blue and it's got a brim and a veil, but it's not what I meant'."

Mary Brian has expressive sooty blue-grey eyes heavily fringed with long, silky lashes, an exactly heart-shaped face and mouth, a creamy complexion, a lovely girlish figure, and poetic hands.

But she claims that whatever attractiveness she has is due to the zestful feeling she has always had for life, and to the fact that her mother brought her up with a set of balanced values from childhood.

"Although starting in pictures at 14 dated me, I was luckier than a lot of girls who hit stardom as adults and were overwhelmed by the novelty of movie life," she said.

"To me, working in films became as everyday as going to school."

Although in her 25 years as a film star Mary has worked with and met most of the leading glamor boys of Hollywood, she did not lose her heart to any man until she met New York magazine illustrator Jon Witcomb. They married, after a brief courtship, in 1941, and parted six weeks later.

"I guess we both mistook loneliness for love," she said. "We saw a lot of each other in a little time when I was away from my home in California doing a stage season in New York."

She describes her second marriage, three years ago, to tall, dark, handsome screen editor George Tomasini as the greatest love story of her career.

She considers their happiness is due to the fact that they are both grown up enough to appreciate each other.

"A good many people look on marriage as the answer to everything," Mary told me. "This is a terribly adolescent view.

"There is a popular idea, too, that marriage is something that should have overtaken people by a certain time in life.

"I don't agree. No man or woman should settle for less than the ideal partner."

Mary said, although she would not single out a particular age as the best time for marriage, she believed a lot of marriages went on the rocks because young couples got bored with home ties or work, and running the home on a budget while their single friends were having a "good time."

She also thought that late marriage gave men and women a better chance of sharing their lives with fully developed personalities.

"Until maturity of mind comes, and with it the understanding that you can't get any more from marriage than you are prepared to put in, domestic happiness is elusive," Mary said.

"Heartbreaks often occur when young couples go to parties and have light flirtations just for fun.

"If she has a fully developed personality an attractive woman does not cheapen herself by upsetting her husband flirting with his men friends at a party.

"She is grown up enough to realise that hurting people's feelings is a childish hobby."

Miss Brian said the happy, intelligent girl looked on men as interesting human beings, not as potential conquests to build up shaky egos.

"Career girls see so much of men in their jobs that they are not as susceptible to masculine charm as homebodies, who usually only have boy-friends as dates," she added.

"But I am sure that the career girl's romance has a better chance of lasting when Cupid finally catches up.

"People who work hard and see a lot of each other under trying circumstances develop a regard which, if it lasts the distance, results in permanent friendship and respect."

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Paris sponsors new oval line

Fashion designers favor pouter-pigeon silhouette

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

The soft and feminine line was the feature of the Paris spring collections. Christian Dior summed up the new line by calling it "naturelle." Its nickname was "The Egg and I."

● Our artist Petrov drew the sketches on this page from cabled descriptions by Anne Matheson, who attended the Paris spring collection showings.

DIOR'S line is based on three ovals, one for the skirt, one for the bodice, and one for the head. Derived from these subtle curves, it is less straight than other houses', although still pencil-slim.

Fullness is cleverly controlled to retain the slim silhouette. Often, instead of putting kick pleats in the skirt, he folds the back over the front, leaving a front panel which he outlines with buttons.

His rounded-off jacket front length is just below the hip.

His "keyhole" neckline drops to an oblong in front. The sleeves are "chicken leg," since they are set into an oval rather than rounded armhole and fall full towards the elbow, tightening to the wrist.

This elliptic armhole has a softening effect on the shoulders of tailored suits, notably those shown by Balenciaga.

In the collections all tailored suits had straight skirts.

Jackets were semi-classic and cling to a narrow waistline. Basques stood out from the hips and the bustline was rounded, with a pouter-pigeon effect achieved by building out revers.

Frilly jabots softened the neckline.

Apron craze

EACH season sees the craze for some new detail which reverberates around the fashion world. This year it is aprons.

In their collections the designers showed every variation on the apron theme, including small, frilled "waitress" aprons, shell aprons flared and stiffened to sweep back dramatically, and aprons worn sideways.

DIOR'S "The Egg and I" with "top of the egg" hat. New Louis XVI shoe has no back at all, is so pointed the foot fits in only half-way, is kept on with fine straps.

Beneath these aprons there was always a glimpse of a slender silhouette rounded out and made feminine by a drape or a turn of the apron.

Jean Desses showed at least ten different versions. They included "What a Woman," which swerved on each side in a curved drape, and a circular-cut cape that could be flung around the shoulders or whipped around the waist, tying back, front, or sideways.

A further variation was a reversible apron with lining to match the top of the frock.

The moulded bodices set off the apron line. Slanting decolletages were lower than ever, cut well away from the neck, often with the "window-box" treatment of flowers.

New colors

IN the new fluid materials of the season, such as organza, shantung, and mousseline, all aprons, whatever the style, were double, triple, or layered, often in color combinations of "flint," a new shade of grey over white, or smoky-brown over blue suggesting the horizon, which designer Manguin took as the theme of his collection.

Since grey this year holds the place of honor for early spring that is traditionally navy's, it came in many new shades with such names as macadam—after the roads—modest grey, chimney-sweep grey, anthracite, and charcoal.

Soft as a tropical breeze were the new cocktail coats in organza or marquisette, gossamer taffeta, or mousseline.

The coats seemed to float over tailored satin frocks. One layer of organza usually veiled another of a different color.

Balenciaga, whose afternoon coats were one of the enchantments of the Paris spring collection, put double navy-blue organza over white pique.

For late day wear, Balenciaga showed a full, sleeveless taffeta coat in black, and turned it into a coat-dress by adding a bolero with enormous, ballooning sleeves to the elbow.

The bolero then looked like a deep cape collar.

Grosgrain was used in afternoon coats, which were waisted and buttoned, mostly lined with vivid satin, and with sleeves often just below the elbow.

CARVEN'S white black-embroidered tunic overall, teamed with black linen skirt and huge Mexican straw, has the new three-quarter sleeve ballooning at the elbow into a buttoned cuff.

Sheer white tailleurs in linen, shantung, or poplin alpaca for sizzling summer heat often had blouses in new colors—persimmon, creole-pink, kingfisher-blue, grapefruit-yellow.

Shantung favorite

DRESSY frocks in the season's first favorite, shantung, rarely looked full skirted until set in motion. Then Jacques Fath's skirt unfurled as though it was a rolled umbrella.

A geranium-pink sleeveless shantung dress covered with a deep pile velour topcoat in the same geranium-pink was heavenly. Since the topcoat had no collar and hung loosely—though not flaring—it was perfect for cooler days in spring and summer.

Sky-blue shantung with a bloused back, straight skirt, and rather simple bodice was sashed with copper shantung, deeply fringed.

Shantung tailored suits and shantung suits with short, close-fitting jackets and contrasting blouses were in heavier weights.

At Jean La Faurie, a vivid electric-blue shantung was pleated to line a white canvas-type linen coat that hung three-quarter-length to a straight linen skirt. The blouse matched the lining.

This coat was straight and loose-fitting.

There were loose jackets to straight skirts in all the collections.

Sometimes jackets flared, and a wide coolie hat repeated the oriental note struck by silks and colors like jade-green, butterfly-wing-blue, and Chinese red.

For really svelte evening wear Paris showed horizontally-tucked shantung with loose, short shantung coats in a contrasting color.

This svelte line was usually topped with an exaggerated off-the-shoulder decolletage. Sometimes, as at Schiaparelli's, it was wired to stand out in front.

For grand occasions extravaganzas in layers of sheerest tulle and mousselines were shown. Rich embroideries, particularly at Dior and Balenciaga, were fabulous.

At Dior, white tulle had a sweep of pink roses. At Balmain, sea-green satin was embroidered in pearl-tinted seashells in a seashell pattern picked out with gold lace.

KILTING is trimming for Desses' apron - skirted gunmetal - grey shantung. The apron is detachable. Hat is a shiny flat straw worn dead-straight.

Graduated bands of narrow gold lace on white bouffant taffeta was a great success at Dior, where clapping was almost incessant from the beginning to the end of a collection of 130 dresses.

Dior also used very finely pleated sunray godets to give front fullness to a series of mousseline dresses patterned with butterflies.

Dead-white guipure lace was put over red at Balmain for a short cocktail frock, and over white at Dior for a "Jane Austen" dinner ensemble with a long skirt and high, narrow waist topped with a "Dior-red" satin blouse.

Dior had a "Jane Austen" look about many of his dinner dresses, particularly a grey silk, slightly stiffened, with a long, rather full skirt and a jacket covering the severely tailored and pleated organdie blouse.

His shepherdess dresses were in pale taffeta, with panniered hips and tiny velvet caps.

Dior's hats, like the top of an egg, sat straight on the head, shading the eyes.

Wide-brimmed Edwardian straws were swathed in ninon or ostrich feathers. Schiaparelli scored a hit by putting straw and felt chignons on close-fitting straw and felt hats which slipped back from the forehead.

The stole showed up everywhere and is more popular than ever. This year it is wider, longer, and dressier. Often, as at Jacques Fath, it is attached at each elbow.

Some were the size of bath sheets, and in soft taffeta were really summer evening-wraps.

A narrow crinoline straw was a new dress trimming. Robert Piguet used it successfully for a whole frock.

At Piguet, mannequins pinned bows or flowers or even tiny lemons in their chignons.

Skirts below calf

SKIRTS are longer in Paris than in London, where the hemline shot up for the spring collections.

The Paris length is below mid-calf for all formal daytime suits and dresses. It is shorter for cocktail dresses, but evening length can be anywhere, from sweeping the ground to just above the ankles. The ballerina-length is more firmly established than ever.

GRIFFE'S APRON, at left, is doubled under and stiffened with canvas. Neckline has a halter collar, and the short sleeve is cut in one with the bodice. Paquin's yellow jacket, second from left, crossed at the waist with mother-of-pearl buttons, shows his "Cross of St. Andrew" line. Dress underneath is of grey and yellow worsted. Another Desses apron, second from right, buttons down one side and falls unevenly to a point on the other. His apron cape dress, at right, is in black and tartan shantung. The cape is stiffened with interlining and can be worn as an apron. Sailor hat is of honey shantung with coarse black mesh veiling.

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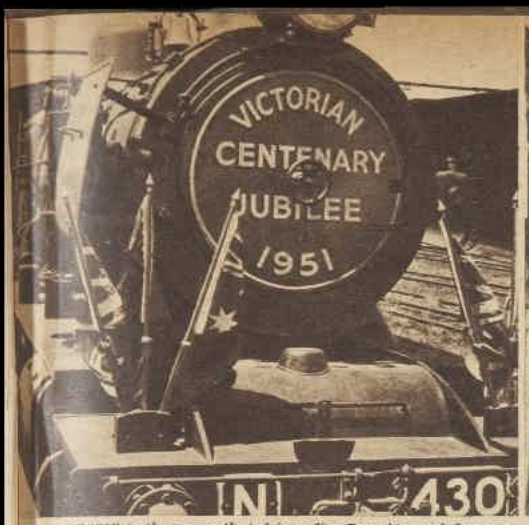

BESSIE is the name that driver Jim Brereton and fireman Jim Ryan have given the engine that pulls Victoria's Jubilee train. Bessie, painted green and gold, has a brass bell to herald her arrival at country stations.

DRIVER JIM BRERETON, of Collingwood, explains the mysteries of engine-driving to Geoff Jones and Walter Kissling, of South Yarra. Jim has been a railway man for 38 years.

Jubilee train tours country

● To celebrate the jubilee of the Commonwealth and the centenary of responsible government in Victoria, a special train is making a 5300 miles' tour.

THE tour, which began on February 1, will take five months.

Painted green and gold, the train is carrying exhibitions of art and historic documents, models of State and Commonwealth Government undertakings, a child welfare bureau, and entertainers.

The train will visit more than 150 towns. This week it is touring Gippsland.

MANY TOWNSHIPS declare a half-holiday on the day the Jubilee train arrives. In the first week of the tour 60,000 people took advantage of the train's cultural and entertainment facilities. The train will visit more than 150 towns. This week it is touring Gippsland.

PRECOCIOUS BABIES. Jenny Howard and John Sorrell are a headache to their nursemaids, June Daunt and Elsa Robbins (right), and producer Percy King. They take part in the train's Pierrot Show.

MELBOURNE NATIONAL GALLERY paintings in the train provide a cross-section of Australian and overseas art. The Public Library has arranged a display of Victorian historical documents.

MISS EILEEN SEELEY, a Health Department official, shows children's art work to Mr. Hubert Fielder, of Werribee, and his daughter, Marjorie, 2½. The Department gives visitors booklets on child welfare.

PUNCH AND JUDY producer, Mr. J. F. Ley, prepares for a performance. He gives two open-air shows in an afternoon on country railway platforms. Mr. Ley has a repertoire of 15 plays.

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Platypus and wombat become film stars

PLATYPUS in Badger Creek, near Healesville, holds the attention of noted naturalist David Fleay, Rudy Baker, and "Young Johnny," all of whom take part in a film, which will be released this month.

By
GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN,
staff reporter

Two fascinating little Australians, a platypus and a wombat, will appear as stars in two films this month.

AFTER the films have been shown in Australia they will be sent abroad.

These animals are found only in the eastern States of Australia, Tasmania, and parts of South Australia.

One film shows the search for a platypus and the other has a tame wombat in the leading role. The wombat was reared from babyhood by Rosemary Fleay, daughter of the well-known naturalist David Fleay, of Healesville, Victoria.

David Fleay led the search for the platypus with enthusiastic assistance from Healesville schoolboy Mervyn Bollis, who has the name of Johnny in the film.

Highlight of the search was hearing the little animal growl just before it was captured in its burrow. The sound, which few people in the world have heard, was recorded and is used in the film.

The platypus and the spiny ant eater of Australia, about which a film has also been made, are the world's only egg-laying mammals (animals that suckle their young).

The name platypus means "flat-footed."

Because of its acute sensitivity to the faintest sound, it is hard to capture and the film party spent a strenuous week searching streams and digging the banks of New Chum Creek, Badger Creek, and the Watts River before they were successful.

In between excursions up and down stream in search of food the platypus camps in burrows just above water level along creek and river

JOHNNY admires the captured platypus, which will be sent to Western Australia (left). Platypuses are protected. Permission was given to capture this one for educational purposes.

BURROW in which the platypus was captured rose almost vertically from the entrance above the waterline. A mother platypus builds a high burrow, away from floodwaters.

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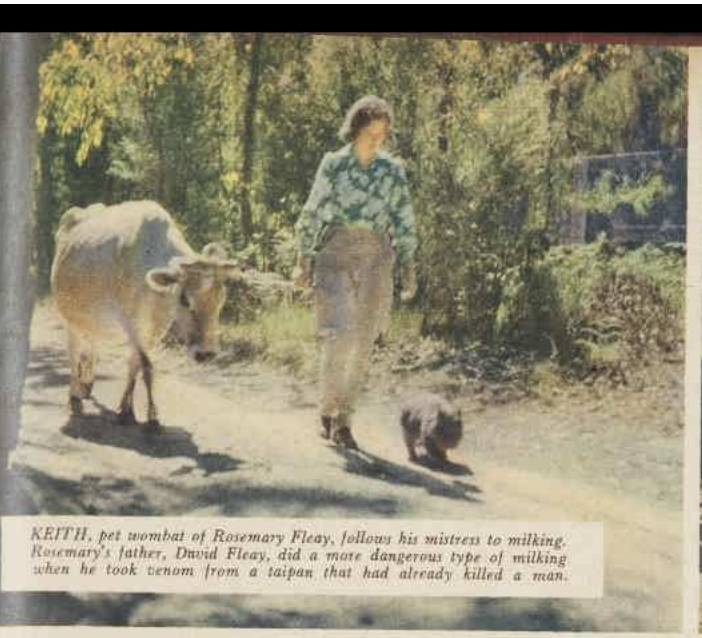


KEITH, pet wombat of Rosemary Fleay, follows his mistress to milking. Rosemary's father, David Fleay, did a more dangerous type of milking when he took venom from a taipan that had already killed a man.

PROBABLY the only wombat which gets his milk "straight from the manufacturer," Keith has a motive for helping—a brimming dish of it set down in the bail by Rosemary.

banks, and the film party found many old burrows.

Underwater, with its eyes and ears closed, the platypus nuzzles along in the mud with its bill guiding it. About every three minutes it rises to the surface to chew or breathe.

Once on the surface, with eyes and ears open, it becomes aware immediately of any danger, and splash-dives underwater, often leaving a trail of bubbles.

The film-star platypus was captured in its burrow. Mr. Fleay found fresh platypus tracks and a patch of smooth earth made by the animal's low-slung body. He knew it was in the burrow when he smelt the musty foxy odor typical of the male platypus.

Then the party heard it growl.

The captured fellow was 20 inches from bill to tail. Its bill and protective shield, just below the eyes, were like tough leather, although sensitive to the touch.

Venom spurs showed that it was a male. The male platypus is the world's only venomous furred animal.

The only platypus reared in captivity is Corrie, daughter of Jack, and the late Jill, of the Sanctuary, Healesville. Jill died a few years ago. Corrie and Jack both appear in the film.

When Corrie was dug out of the nesting chamber, just on nine weeks after her mother had laid the egg, which was no bigger than a thumbnail, she was helpless, blind, and unable to move. She was put back in her mother's humid nesting chamber of wet leaves and gradually gained strength and the use of her faculties.

When making the film Mr. Fleay caught several other platypuses in harmless traps and used them for close-ups. Because they become excited and die if handled too much they were filmed quickly and returned to the river.

The starring platypus will be sent by air to Western Australia and released in the Mundiering Weir. Others will be sent to join him, and an attempt will be made to establish them there.

Rosemary Fleay's wombat was a tiny orphan when a bus driver found it and gave it to Rosemary, who reared it at her home. The film in which it appears shows its complete attachment to her. It sits up on a chair and eats from a table, allows itself to be tucked into a small bed, and trots round with Rosemary while she does her daily chores.

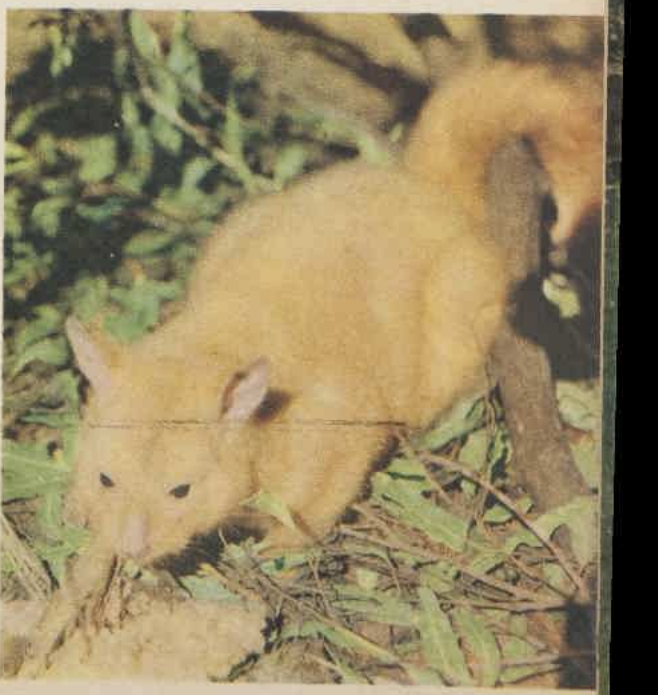
Written and directed by Lex Halliday for Australian Educational Films, and produced in collaboration with the Australian Museum, the films are educational with a story interest.

They are in black and white and will be screened in theatres and schools.

Color stills on these pages were taken on location.

KEITH sits up at table, like any nice boy, for his meals, although he ignores his knife and fork. He was so tiny when first brought to Rosemary she had to feed him through an eye-dropper.

JACK, captive platypus who lives at the Healesville Sanctuary in a platypusery next to that of his daughter Corrie. David Fleay and Johnny are about to open his trapdoor for him.



GOLDEN-BROWN POSSUM from Tasmania which David Fleay has under observation at his home. The Fleays keep a number of unusual animals for research and breeding.

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AT WORK

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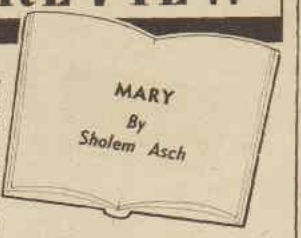
NOTICE!

In The Australian Women's Weekly of 3rd February, 1951, the retail prices for Vel-lure active Wrinkle Cream wrongly appeared in the Vel-lure advertisement. The correct retail prices of Vel-lure Wrinkle Cream are 4/9 small size tube, 8/6 large size tube.

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER



An enriched understanding of the inspiring story of the Mother of Jesus Christ cannot fail to result from reading "Mary," with which Sholem Asch, the noted Rabbinical scholar, completes his fine trilogy of biblical re-creations in novel form.

FOLLOWING "The Nazarene," a novel based on the life of Christ and written in 1939, and "The Apostle," the story of Saint Paul, written in 1944, the English translation of "Mary" completes one of the most highly praised serious literary works of recent years.

Sholem Asch, now aged 70, is a Polish Jew whose wide humanity allows him to write with equal understanding of both the Jewish and the Christian character.

His scholarship has given him a magnificent knowledge of the daily life and customs of the first century that form an always fascinating background to his story.

In reconstructing events from the time of Mary's Annunciation until the moment of Christ's Resurrection, he re-creates the everyday life of the age, rich in detail, characterisation, and tradition.

Sholem Asch

Wisely, Asch has elected to tell his story with a sort of epic simplicity, which is peculiarly appropriate to its inspired theme.

The book falls naturally into two parts. Mary in the first is shown as the radiant mother-to-be, illumined with the knowledge of the great role for which she had been chosen.

She is then a quiet, retiring girl living with her mother, the widow Hannah, in a small house on the outskirts of Nazareth, and recently claimed as his affianced bride by the young joiner Joseph.

In the second part she is presented as the loving mother of a son, playful and tender in his infancy, maternally watchful in his boyhood, concealing her anxiety as he goes out into the world with his message.

Asch's ability to handle the most delicate themes convincingly is nowhere shown more clearly than in his treatment of the relationship between Mary, Joseph, and Jesus.

Seldom has a writer succeeded so well in drawing the gentle, wise, and patient Joseph, or the loving home in which Jesus spent his early years.

There will, of course, be those who prefer the age-old majesty of the Bible to reading even the most devoted reconstruction of its stories.

To them any new treatment can only be unnecessary and inferior to the original telling.

However, it is reasonably safe to say that very few will quarrel with the deep humility and reverence with which Sholem Asch has gone about his interpretation.

But, as with so many translations, one sometimes becomes oppressed with the sheer weight of words, and cannot help wondering if perhaps the book would not have gained from a careful pruning before publication in English.

For all its simplicity of style, "Mary" is not light in the demands it makes on its readers. It is a long book, its story unfolded with devotion and painstaking care. Certainly it is no book to be read with an eye on the clock.

An interest of its own attaching to "Mary" is that in it Asch, a Jew, tells his story through Christian eyes.

The sublime faith and unbounded devotion of the early Christians runs through it like a spiritual call to arms. Asch is at all times a writer of compassion and mellow understanding.

His deep wisdom and humanity are apparent on every page, and give the work a dignity that should make it acceptable to all degrees of religious opinion.

"Mary" is published by Macdonald, London. Our copy from Craftsman Bookshop.

GARDEN SUPPLEMENT NEXT WEEK

● ***Autumn is the best time to make a new garden or remake an old one. Even if you do not intend to pull your garden to pieces it is still a time of stocktaking.***

IN our next issue we will publish a comprehensive guide to autumn gardening, arranged by Reg Edwards, our Home Gardener, and packed with helpful ideas and articles to interest advanced gardeners and beginners.

Indoor gardens, the craze that has gripped America, are described in one of the color features, and directions are given for making them.

Other color pictures include beautiful garden arrangements that can be adapted by other gardeners, life on a flower farm, and an article on rose planting illustrated with color pictures of some lovely garden roses.

A comprehensive sowing guide for flowers and vegetables is given, and advice on fertilisers and compost making is another practical feature.

Editorial

Vol. 18, No. 40. March 10, 1951.

HOPE FOR FUTURE

HOUSE-HUNGRY families are banding together by pooling labor, the only commodity they possess, to build homes for each other.

The scheme has worked successfully in South Australia and Victoria, and is now being adopted in New South Wales.

If ten men work at the week-end on one house, each putting in 12 hours, the owner of that house does not owe the club any money, but he owes it 120 hours of work on other members' homes.

The greatest need of any family is an adequate house in which to live—the worst nightmare at present is the threat of losing the roof over their heads.

Australians cherish their standard of living and their short working week, but when it is a matter such as their own homes being built, many are willing to relinquish their leisure.

The need transcends even principles that are rightly regarded as fundamental in industrial matters.

The small section of the community building these homes has demonstrated that the spirit of self-help, handed on to the present generation from pioneering days, is not dead.

Though it would need inspired leadership to harness and direct it and a national emergency to maintain it, the fact that this sturdy spirit persists is one of Australia's greatest safeguards.

There can be no doubt that Australians would in the future, as in the past, renounce many hard-won privileges to keep secure their homes and their homeland.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Remember these points when you're choosing a cardigan and you'll choose one for its perfect, permanent fit—and that means a Jantzen. And remember, too, that with Jantzens you find more colors and all the sizes.

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You get all these "extras" with this cardigan:—flex-seam shoulder construction, specially knitted and constructed pockets that won't gape or stretch, reinforced button-holes. Stone-grey, mist-green, mid-grey, winter-blue, navy, briar-brown, kasha-fawn, nigger.

Cardigan that's tailored — from tweed-knit 100% merino wool. 6 colors—stone-grey, mist-green, mid-grey, blue, kasha-fawn, briar-brown.

A new waistcoat for the office —of the new dyed-in-the-wool Bar-rib fabric. Stone-grey, mist-green, mid-grey, winter-blue, navy, briar-brown, kasha-fawn, nigger.

See the wonderful new ranges of Jantzen fashions for women opening up now—they're terrific.

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LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE OLD VERANDAH!

Plenty of sunshine, plenty of fresh air—with ventilation you can CONTROL—that's any baby's idea of a good start in life! And it's so easy with Cooper Louvre "Streamliners." Even in exposed positions an open verandah becomes a cosy, thoroughly protected room, when Dad installs versatile Cooper Louvres. See the clever new Cooper Louvre "Streamliners"—more practical and efficient than ever.

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FROM ALL BUILDERS' SUPPLY & HARDWARE STORES

Water Baby Grows Up

Lovely Ann Sauter, daughter of famous swimmers Alex and Alma, is now a registered swimming coach herself — the youngest in Victoria! In again, out again, all the year round — but no goosepimples for Ann. Here's what she says: "I don't give the cold a chance to creep up on me. After a session in the pool, I know there's a steaming hot cup of Bonox waiting in the dressing-room. It keeps me going even in the chilliest weather." Keep the cold out with the concentrated goodness of beef-rich Bonox. There's nothing like it for chasing the shivers. Keep your head above the 'flu line. Eat and drink Bonox for a l-i-f-t.

B08

MELBOURNE SCHOOLGIRL Miss Joan Gray, aged 15, who won £50 in our Plan-a-Home Contest. Joan worked on her plan at the same time as she was studying for an Intermediate examination.

Schoolgirl winner wants to be architect

Here are two prize-winning plans in our £4000 Plan-A-Home Contest.

On this page is the entry submitted by Miss Joan Gray, of Balwyn, Melbourne. Opposite is the plan of Mrs. Dunn, of Wagga Wagga, N.S.W. Both won £50.

WHEN schoolgirl Joan Gray sent in her entry to the contest she did not disclose that she was only 15 years old.

"I thought the judges might not take a schoolgirl's work seriously," Joan explained. "But I know a lot about houses.

"I'm going to be an architect when I grow up."

Joan intends to put her prize-money towards the cost of doing architecture at Melbourne University.

Mrs. Eve Gye, editor of our Homemaking Department, who was one of the contest judges, said: "No one could have been more surprised than I was to learn that a 15-year-old girl could have produced a plan of such high merit.

"If architecture is her goal, her future should be assured.

"Her choice of two warm colors —pink and red—for the kitchen was the only defect in an otherwise superb entry."

Joan is the middle one of the family of three daughters of a Melbourne surveyor, Ronald Gray, who was formerly an internee in Malaya.

"I'm not really surprised at Joan getting a prize," her father said. "She built houses and Norman castles in the sandpit as a child instead of playing with dolls."

Joan, who is tall and well built, said that before setting to work on her plan she thought up an imaginary family—the same size as her own, and about the same ages, but with one daughter and two boys, instead of three girls.

She went to work to build a house to suit their convenience.

"I used to close my eyes and try to work out what would happen when they walked about the house, had parties, or just worked," she said.

In her plan Joan included a fireplace fuel-box which can be filled from the outside because at home she "becomes exasperated" cleaning up chips dropped by her father when he brings in the wood. She also specified a built-in electric sewing machine near the fireplace.

She thought of this fixture because she does not like to see her mother doing the family sewing at the treadle machine on an enclosed side verandah in cold weather.

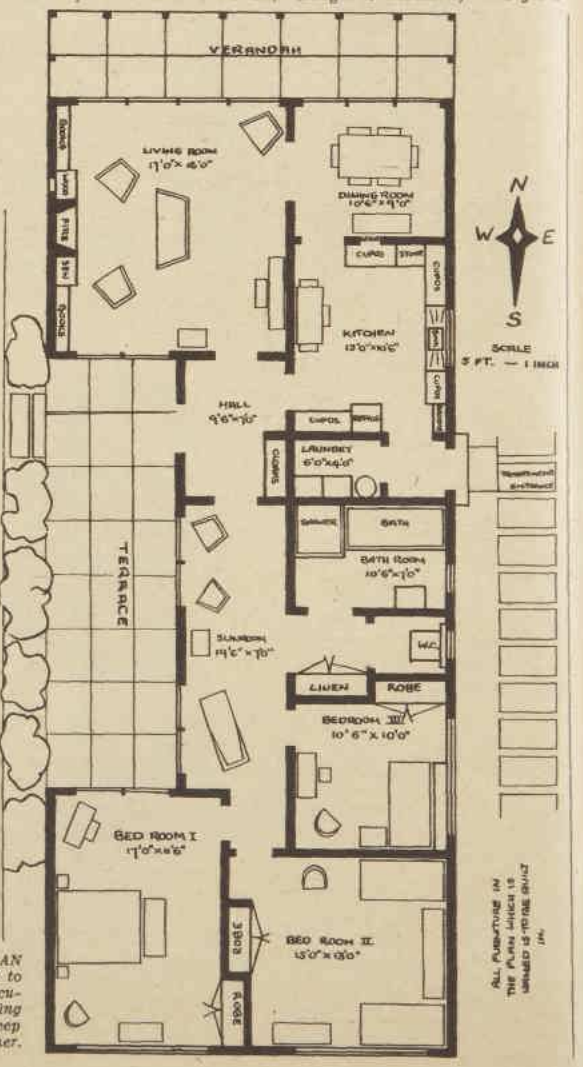
"I got this idea a long while ago from an American magazine, and thought it wonderful," said Joan.

More plans to be published

- Plans of the other eight prize-winners will be published during the next four weeks—two in each issue.

The third and fourth prize-winning plans will appear in the issue of April 14.

The first and second prize-winners will be featured in color in our issue of April 21 in a special supplement.



SIMPLE AND MODERN PLAN by Miss Joan Gray is designed to bring the sunlight inside, particularly in the winter. Overhanging eaves and verandah would keep the house cool in the summer.

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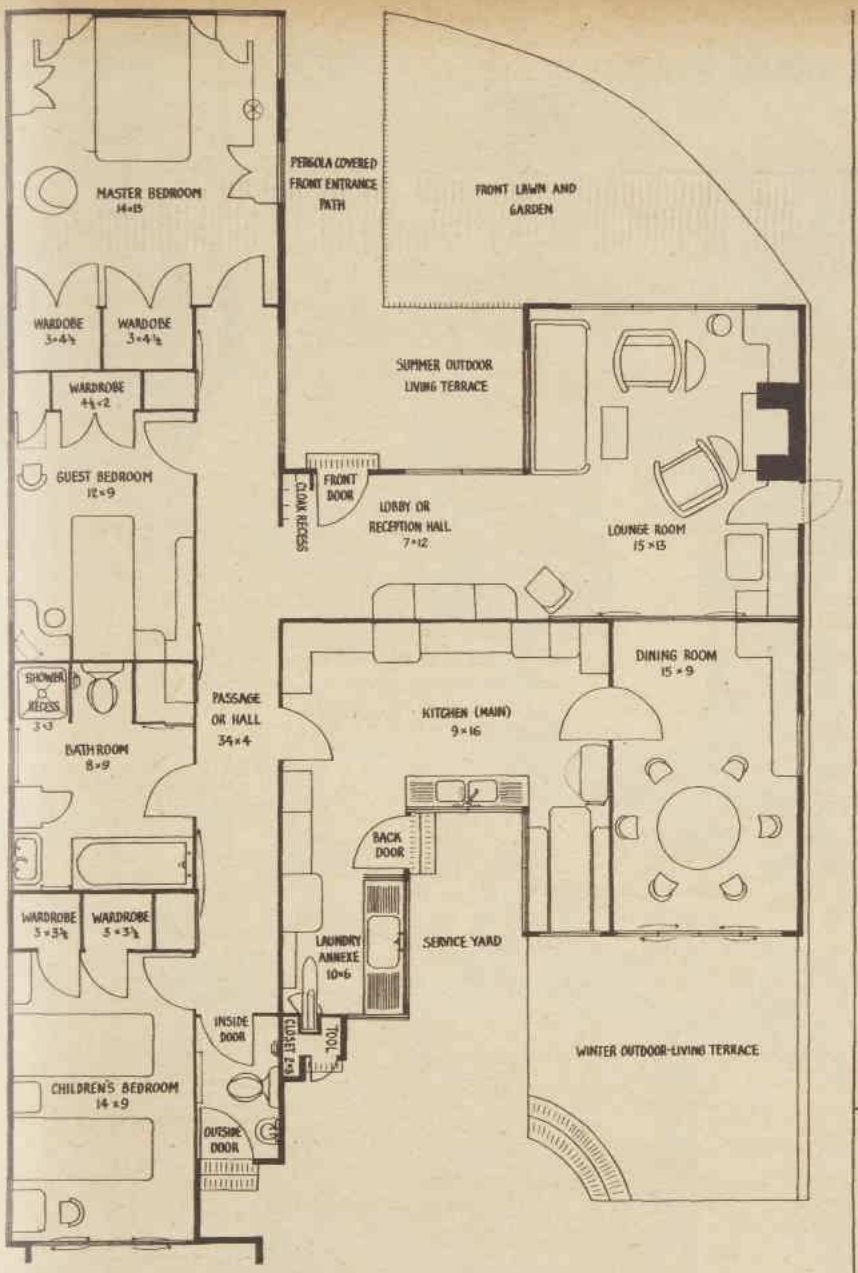

BUNGALOW-STYLE HOUSE designed by Mrs. Marjorie Dunn is meant to blend in with the country landscape. Mrs. Dunn thinks that a bungalow is most suitable for families who cannot afford to change their house to suit the fashion. She therefore discarded the ultra-modern, the "period" home, and the "ancestral manor" when designing her dream house.

Bungalow is designed for needs of countrywoman

Mrs. Marjorie Dunn, of Wagga Wagga, N.S.W., has been interested in home-planning ever since she lived in a poky little flat when first married during the war.

MRS. DUNN, who was in the W.A.A.A.F., met her husband when he was in the R.A.A.F.

"When we were first married and living in a small flat, I used to sit for hours planning the perfect home—the home I was determined one day to build for us," Mrs. Dunn said.

The Dunns now live in a spacious old country homestead on her husband's grazing property 10 miles out of Wagga with their two children, a boy, Robert, 7, and Phyllis, 5.

"It is an old home left to us, and we are renovating it gradually," said Mrs. Dunn.

"Already we have a lovely modern wing attached, and I am working on the rest of the place."

Mrs. Dunn's entry is a bungalow-style house.

The simple and unpretentious lines of the bungalow, she adds, best fit the everyday functions of family living.

Mrs. Dunn's entry was one of the most attractively presented in the contest.

On the opening page was a red door complete with knocker, made of light cardboard.

This opened up, and underneath were the words, "Introducing You to My Home in the Country."

Mrs. Dunn closely studied the needs of the countrywoman.

She made provision for such practical considerations as insulation of outer walls, maximum sunlight in winter, as much fresh air as possible, and shelter from hot winds and dust in summer and cold winds in winter.

Her color schemes were imaginative.

For example, a colored plate of green capsicums, stuffed with breadcrumbs and smothered in tomato sauce, gave her exactly the idea she wanted for the living-room color scheme, so she clipped out the cutting and pasted it in her entry.

The color scheme for the dining-room was inspired by a plate of bananas, pineapple, and whipped cream.

Her entry throughout was made bright by clippings from magazines and samples of materials, but side by side with them were practical and workmanlike sketches of fittings and built-in cupboards.

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HAZEL

BUTCH

"Teh! Teh! Smoothing!"

It seems to me . . .

By

Dorothy Drain

ACCORDING to one report, the 80 or so leading iron and steel companies which have been nationalised in Britain will continue to use their own names and to compete for sales of their own products.

For a long, long time I held to the belief that nationalisation did certain industries no harm—especially those that could be described as public utilities—and always provided I didn't have to work for one.

Back to the wall, cornered by arguments about the need for competition to promote efficiency, I used to point to the postal service.

When the P.M.G.'s Department showed a loss last year—and consequently raised its charges with a very nasty jump—I felt most resentful, not only at the price rise, but at this undermining of an old faith.

But even those whose faith in State enterprise remains undimmed would hardly regard it as logical that companies nationalised and therefore all commonly owned should compete with one another.

How are enterprises to compete with any fervor when the spur of profit-making is absent? Perhaps the Government will issue red, blue, and green certificates of merit annually to delight the hearts of the former steel magnates?

* * *

IN countries where women outnumber men the situation gets pretty desperate at times, as witness the protests by two women's societies in Duisberg, Germany, against teaching bachelors to cook.

The municipal council, with the best intentions in the world, was running these courses, only to find that women objected because they said the bachelors would become too independent to marry.

Just shows how hysterical the girls can get when they're in the majority.

Plenty of men already know how to cook, but they very sensibly conceal it. The reason women do the cooking is not so much because they can cook as that they are willing to do so.

Men often point to the fact that the outstanding chefs of the world are mostly men.

However, the great majority who cook three meals a day, year in and year out, are female. They have patience, and, for a housewife, patience in the repetitious task of providing food for the family is a more necessary quality than the inspired art which makes a Boulestin or an Escoffier.

It is this cooking of three meals a day which is likely to ensure the survival of marriage as an institution, so I don't think the ladies of Duisberg need worry—not yet, unless that old prophecy that some day we'll just eat pills instead of food ever comes true.

* * *

BRITISH temperance societies want to suspend exchange visits between British and French schoolchildren because the British children pick up the habit of drinking wine in France.

This proves what a long way we are from a one-world outlook. If people were less nationalistic in their outlook it might occur to the British temperance workers that the thing works the other way—all the little French children are learning NOT to drink wine with their meals. Fair exchange!

DO you know what garbage is? Doubtless all councils have their special definitions, but I saw a circular the other day from the town clerk of a Sydney municipality setting out local rulings on the subject.

The definition of what is garbage is more or less what you'd expect. What I like is the list of things that are not garbage. These include bedding, bedsteads, and motor tyres, among other things. The item I like particularly in the banned list is shells. It leaves such a pleasing mystery. Are they six-inch, egg, or oyster?

I once helped make a garden in an allotment that had been vacant and overgrown for many years. Covered by kindly weeds and leaf mould of years was an accumulation of junk which made you realise why antiquarians continue to find bits of ancient Egypt and Rome. The allotment, as usual, had been the solution, under cover of night, to the problem of what is not garbage.

Few things seem to last so long as an old iron bedstead. In time people will probably dig them up and say gloatingly: "Ah, early twentieth century!"

* * *

IT looks as if the Japanese are to become our gallant allies. There appears to be little choice in the matter.

There are few Australians who view the prospect with relish. The memory of the last war is still too sharp.

History, of course, has plenty of precedents for such switches of alliances. To-day Turks fight on the same side as British and Australians in Korea. But Gallipoli was 36 years ago, and 36 years is nearly two generations.

It is true that individuals of most nations prove, on close acquaintance, to be less villainous than they seem in the mass, and in the stress of war. It would be admirable if enemies eventually became friends simply because they discovered they were all basically human beings, with good and bad among them.

Unfortunately it isn't so. Friendships between nations mostly arise because both nations hate and fear another even more than they fear each other.

* * *

THE secretary of the London Executive Council of Britain's National Health Service, Mr. C. H. Lyon, says he believes that people are coming from Europe and overseas to Britain to get treatment under the free health service. He estimated that foreign visitors had £20,000 worth of treatment last year.

They used to go to England to see an English spring,
They liked to see the Aldershot Tattoo,
St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, perhaps they'd glimpse the King,
But modern tourists are a shrewder crew.
They don't mind taking in a little scenery on the side,
But they balance up their budgets, filled with glee,
Recking nothing of the blow to Britain's credit, and her pride,
When they have an operation, all for free.

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A.M.

A MAGAZINE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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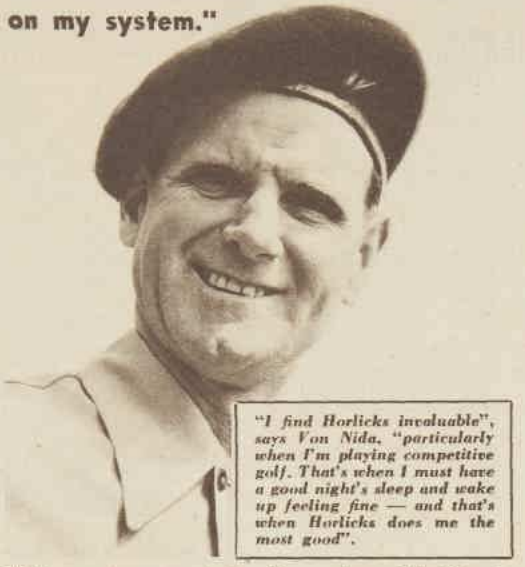
NORMAN **VON NIDA**

GOLF CHAMPION, says:

"Horlicks helps me sleep soundly — and has a wonderful tonic effect on my system."



"I find Horlicks invaluable", says Von Nida, "particularly when I'm playing competitive golf. That's when I must have a good night's sleep and wake up feeling fine — and that's when Horlicks does me the most good".

While you sleep your body goes on burning up energy. Breathing and heartbeats both use up energy — and unless it is replaced *while you sleep*, you awake tired. You feel dull . . . often irritable, "nervy", and can't give your best.

A glass of nourishing Horlicks before bed brings deep, restful sleep. *And, Horlicks replaces that energy you lose during sleep.* After Horlicks, you awake refreshed, bright-eyed and ready for the day.

Every glass of Horlicks is a *tonic* for your whole system. Made from full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. Horlicks soon builds you up. What's more, you get the benefits of Horlicks *much quicker* because Horlicks is a *balanced* food drink, specially manufactured so that its goodness *goes straight into your blood stream.*

So drink Horlicks regularly before bed for deep, refreshing sleep and bubbling vitality the next day. Buy your tin today!

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8-oz. TIN **2/2** 16-oz. TIN **3/6**

Prices slightly higher in country areas.

HO-1

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Morbid genius*

● Although six women played an important part in the life of the great Russian composer Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky, he admitted himself he was incapable of experiencing a deep desire for any woman.

THE first woman who strongly influenced Tchaikovsky's life was his mother, second wife of his father, General Ilya Petrovich Tchaikovsky.

She was a sweet, gentle person who encouraged her delicate boy in his love of music, in spite of his father's opposition.

Born in 1840 at Votkinsk, Russia, second son of five sons and a daughter, Peter learned to play the piano as soon as he could walk.

At four he composed a song, "Our Mama in Petersburg," and played it to his mother when she returned from a trip to that city.

However, he gave no evidence of prodigious musical gifts. His father thought that if Peter persisted in his wish to become a professional musician he would starve.

It was a great blow to the strangely supersensitive lad when his mother died of cholera. He was then 14.

However, his French nurse, Fanny Durbach, encouraged him in his music studies and introduced him to the French and Russian poets.

She was the second woman to influence his life, but, owing to a quarrel with the General, she soon left the household.

Forced by his father to prepare himself for some lucrative career, Peter hoped he would be allowed to devote all his time to music as soon as he graduated from the School of Jurisprudence.

Instead, he became a clerk in the Ministry of Justice. The job proved as distasteful as the law school.

After several complaints about his work at the Ministry had reached the General, the old man decided to let the unhappy youth have his way and study music.

Thanks to Nickolay Rubinstein, Tchaikovsky was appointed in 1866 head of the Moscow Conservatorium.

Tchaikovsky rarely moved outside his family circle. All his life he shrank from social contacts, partly from shyness, but chiefly because he believed that social intercourse was incompatible with sincerity.

He once wrote to a friend: "My whole life I have been a martyr to enforced relations. By nature I am a savage. Every new acquaintance, every fresh contact with strangers, has been the source of acute moral suffering. I must pretend to enjoy it, but I suffer terribly all the time . . ."

In 1866 Tchaikovsky had a nervous breakdown which nearly resulted in madness. He had been working too hard at the Conservatorium and on his first symphony.

He became so neurotic that he was terrified to conduct in case his head rolled off his shoulders. He developed the habit of holding his chin with his left hand and beating time with his right hand only.

In 1868, when Tchaikovsky was 28, he met a lovely French singer, Desiree Artot, who was visiting Moscow with an Italian Opera Company.

Tchaikovsky asked her to marry him, although she was more than five years his senior, and the friendship on his part was purely platonic.

However, warned by her friends of his peculiarity in matters of sex, she suddenly broke with him without any explanation and hurriedly married a Spanish baritone. Tchaikovsky was broken-hearted.

By this time he was famous all over the world as a composer. He had conducted his own works at public concerts, and had received ovations in all the capital cities of Europe.

Although reticent to air his views on other subjects, Tchaikovsky was adamant in his views on music.

"I do not regard Bach as a great genius," he once wrote. "Handel is only fourth-rate . . . I like some of the things of Haydn. I find Liszt too much of a Jesuit."

He admired some of Wagner's music, but considered Mozart master of all musicians.

Of his own music he once said: "Because I am a Russian there is

FAMOUS MUSICIANS

something exotic in my music that makes it inaccessible to foreigners."

Most tragic occurrence in the unhappy life of this unhappy man was his marriage in 1877 to a 28-year-old Russian music student.

He was 37, and working hard on his opera "Eugen Onegin," when he began to receive ardent love-letters from a Conservatorium pupil, Antonia Miliukov, begging him to see her.

So ardent and insistent were these letters that although embarrassed, Tchaikovsky, being simple and tender-hearted, could not refuse the girl.

She was quite attractive, with a pretty figure and long black hair piled high on her head. She told Tchaikovsky she adored him with "a strange, sick, exalted love."

When he refused to see her again she threatened to commit suicide.

He believed her, and consented to see her. Although he told her constantly he did not love her, she insisted he needed her, and as Tchaikovsky admitted later, he did feel the need, desperately at times, of a woman's love.

The ill-starred couple were married quietly at the Church of St. George on July 18, 1877.

After just over nine weeks of

RUSSIAN composer Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky at the age of 33, shortly before his tragic marriage.

marriage Tchaikovsky fled to St. Petersburg on the pretext of visiting his family.

At home he broke down completely. It took him nearly a year to regain his health and peace of mind, although during this period he wrote the Fourth Symphony.

He never saw Antonia again. She ended her days in a mental asylum.

In the meantime, he had embarked on his last and happiest relationship with a woman.

She was Nadezhda von Meck, widow of a wealthy German industrialist.

In 1876 she had heard Tchaikovsky's "The Tempest." She wrote, asking Tchaikovsky to arrange some pieces for the piano and violin, for which she would pay him 1000 roubles.

It was the beginning of an intimate friendship between two people who never met.

This unusual relationship was carried on entirely by letter.

Madame von Meck was some seven years older than Tchaikovsky, and although she had 12 children was still a handsome woman. But she did not want to meet Tchaikovsky, for although she worshipped his music she was afraid she might be disillusioned in him as a man.

Through her generosity in providing Tchaikovsky with an adequate annual allowance he was able to devote his most creative years to music, free from financial worries and the drudgery of teaching.

During the 1880's Tchaikovsky undertook two foreign tours, and even went as far as America, where he had tremendous success.

In 1893 he finished his sixth symphony, the "Pathetic," which he dedicated to his favorite nephew, "Bob" Davidov, saying, "I regard this piece of music as quite my best piece. I love it as I have never loved any of my music offsprings before."

He himself called it "Pathetic." He wrote: "I suffer not only from torments which cannot be put into words but from a dislike of strangers and an indefinable terror—though of what the devil only knows."

A refuge from that "indefinable terror" was possible only in death. Tchaikovsky found it on November 6, 1893, when he died of cholera after a short illness.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS

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Yes, "Soaping" your hair with even the finest liquid or oily shampoos leaves dulling film. Halo, made with a new, patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo reveals new beauty and **glorifies** your hair the very first time you use it. Halo makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in the hardest water. Halo rinses away quickly and completely, leaving the hair sweet, clean and naturally radiant.

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WORTH REPORTING

ONE morning last week we seated ourselves in the office of a social worker at the Family Welfare Bureau, Sydney, and discovered how much assistance can be given by one understanding woman, who knows what resources are available, to help people in difficulties.

A stenographer, obviously overwrought, but determined to speak calmly, was the first caller. Her sister is an epileptic, and in her care. If she has a seizure when she is alone, there is great danger of injury, even suffocation.

A few pertinent questions were asked and investigation promised. Clearly it was no sympathetic fob-bing-off, and the girl's step was lighter as she left the office. There was someone to help.

Next came a married couple with much less sense of responsibility. Their trouble was, they said plaintively, that they like nice things for themselves and their family. They liked them so much that they had got into debt by buying, on deposits, furniture far beyond their means. For the sake of the children they were rescued from their immediate difficulty, which was serious, and given some good advice, which they found hard to take. It still seemed unfair that they liked nice things and couldn't have them all.

Then in came a bent, frail little pensioner who was really ill. She had saved her fare to visit relatives in another State, but she wanted help with travelling arrangements and bookings. This was arranged.

There are similar organisations to the Family Welfare Bureau in all Australian cities. They work in with the Churches, Government officials, and various charitable organisations.

The Antique Age ended in 1830

ANTIQUES valued at about four million pounds sterling are to be shown at the 11th Antique Dealers' Fair in London in June.

This is the fair in which Queen Mary takes such a great interest, and which sets a very high standard in articles sold or shown.

The line between antiques and articles which do not qualify is decided primarily by the date of manufacture.

The experts on the 14 panels scrutinising the articles to be shown draw the line between antique and not antique at 1830, when, they say, the handcraft age gave place to the machine era.

So the first requirement for a genuine antique is to be made before 1830.

A SAILOR we know, who is the first mate on one of those glorious Swedish motor ships which ply between here and Europe, tells us that the ships are so long in Australian ports, sometimes three months, and so quickly turned round in Sweden, usually nine days, that wives and families of the crew are coming to Australia to settle and be near husbands and fathers.

Three men who make lace

TWO years ago Michael Hancock, Tom Swift, and John Hing cast a speculative eye on Australia from their homes in Loughborough, near Nottingham, where they worked with one of Britain's foremost lace-making firms.

Hancock was production manager, Swift an expert mechanic, and Hing was factory foreman. They decided to pool their talents and resources and set up a factory in Australia.

They contacted a Melbourne architect, had him build two houses, made arrangements to buy another.

All family men, they wanted the settling-in process to be smooth and uncomplicated for their wives and children.

A Melbourne agent for the newly founded firm found a suitable factory in Prahran, and after a brief preliminary visit by one of the firm's directors they set sail as industrial pioneers of the twentieth century.

Within two weeks of opening, 30 spanking new lace-making machines were turning out thousands of yards of cluny lace edgings, medallions, insertions, and borders.

"Normally I would reckon on taking six months to train a man on these machines," Mr. Hancock told our Melbourne correspondent. "These Australians got the hang of it in a fortnight, and we're working two shifts a day.

"I'm still liable to get called out of bed in the middle of the night to fix a jammed machine—but that won't last long."

Keen shoppers, Mr. Hancock tells us, should examine cluny lace for consistently even threads.

Modern machines work on the same time-honored principles established for hand-made pillow lace. Steel arms and discs, substituted for nimble feminine fingers, get the same results.

My favorite poem

Here are some lines from the favorite poem of Miss Marjorie C. Kearny, Downderry, R.B.5, via Cudal, N.S.W. Send us your favorite lines, either a short poem or an excerpt.

The tracks we've travelled over
Were hungry tracks and hard;
Long days we've played the rover,
Dark nights we've kept our guard;
But chained in silver glories
The Bush our hearts has stirred,
And told the starlight stories
That no one else has heard.

—From Will H. Ogilvie's "To the Overlanders."

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY

BACKACHE GONE!

What a blessing when backache is relieved by DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills. DOAN'S help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisons and so ease the misery of backache, rheumatism, loss of pep, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under eyes, headaches and dizziness. Ask your Chemist or Store for DOAN'S, a stimulant diuretic made to rigid standards of purity, and used successfully by millions for over 50 years. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.

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Are things beginning to get you down? Do personal and business worries upset you so that you feel washed-out, weary, depressed? Then try taking WINCARNIS. It's amazing the way so many people have put themselves right again simply by taking WINCARNIS. There are thousands of recommendations from the medical profession praising the way WINCARNIS has helped to restore natural energy and re-build jaded nerves. The choice selected wines that go into the making of WINCARNIS are themselves first-class tonics, but in addition it contains special fortifying ingredients to nourish the nerves and brain. Take WINCARNIS and get well. Your Chemist has it. WINCARNIS . . . the Wine of Life.

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she is 39 . . .
but looks 23 !

"Anne, what on earth have you done to yourself? You do look well. And so much younger than when I last saw you."

"Thanks, darling. I haven't been drinking a witches' potion, but I have found the secret of perennial youthfulness of face and feature."

"Tell me!"

"Vel-lure! . . . Ever heard of it? — Vel-lure Wrinkle Cream. It's wonderful. I wouldn't have believed it until Janet told me about it. Do you know — I'd hardly used it a week and the lines began to disappear. Used it a fortnight and they'd all gone. Cross my heart!"

"Vel-lure Active Wrinkle Cream did you say, Anne?"

"Yes, that's it. Ask your Chemist—he's got it."

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Cost 4/9 tube or outsize economy tube 8/6.

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Pick your Partner

Choice of partner can make or mar a square-dance. So before congratulating yourself that you've got the prettiest girl in the room, make sure that she won't turn out to be another of the four unpopular types shown here.

NOBODY wants a square-dance partner who wears high-heeled shoes. A fall is almost inevitable.

A WINNER. Her naturalness and enjoyment make her partner feel over six-feet tall and rearing to go. Boys shy off poseurs and artificiality.

NEVER AGAIN. She's the bossy girl who knows more than anyone else and takes it on herself to put others right. Dancing with her is work.

STUCK. He thought she looked a daisy, but she turned out to be nothing else but a clinging vine.

CALLER'S FAN. There's always the sort of girl who falls in love with the caller and devotes her night to watching him starry-eyed when she should be paying attention to new calls.

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How can you protect your hair from the drying effects of this warm climate and prevent unsightly dandruff? — Quite simply — vigorous massage twice a day with POTTER & MOORE'S BRILLIANTINE HAIR TONIC. This quickly loosens itchy dandruff, clears the scalp pores, replaces natural oils and stimulates healthy hair. Your hair will be thicker, glossier, better groomed.

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THIS ISSUE **THIS ISSUE** **THIS ISSUE**

Don Bradman's last stroke on the Sydney Cricket Ground—a Magic Eye camera record.

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The Lady Went to Sea

Continued from page 4

DORA did not know. The name Earnshaw rang a bell—a multiple store bell.

"You know," said the young man reprovingly, "Earnshaws Sunshine Stores—Shopping With Us is Happy Shopping."

Dora winced—mentally. She recollected her mother saying "Earnshaws—such shoddy stuff! I'll never go there again. All show and nothing solid in the shop."

So Dora said, "Oh, of course, Earnshaws—how silly of me."

"Not at all," said the young man with kind condescension. "But what about crew? Would you like to sign me on? I'm Clifford Earnshaw."

"Well . . ."

"I just adore these old boats," he said, looking at Dora.

"But——"

"I know what you're going to say," said the young man with aplomb, "we haven't been introduced. If you care to come aboard our cruiser and meet my people for cocktails—say in an hour's time?"

"I'm hardly dressed for cocktails——"

"You are, you know. I couldn't think of a nicer outfit for cocktails than the one you've hardly got on."

Dora felt that his last remark was open to many interpretations, but since his people would be on board she decided to go. Besides, his suggestion of acting as crew appealed to her.

She thought he was experienced and it would serve John right if she found a handsome crew. He'd been a miserable old grouch all through the fitting up of the Rosalyn—laughing contemptuously at her progress, and forecasting wreck and failure every time she'd mentioned the Rosalyn.

"Well, see you in about an hour then. We're lying in the inner harbor—White Heather. You won't miss her—Oh, and talking of introductions, what is your name?" Dora told him.

When she had finished the port side, she cleaned herself up and walked to the inner harbor.

Clifford Earnshaw was quite right—it would have been impossible to miss White Heather. She was large and luxuriously fitted out—chromium fair-leads, white scrubbed decks, lifebelts painted white with red bands, and varnished teak wheelhouse that glinted opulently in the sunlight.

Dora stepped on board and Clifford greeted her with solicitude.

He led the way below and introduced her to his "people." Mr. Earnshaw was short and slim, wore rimless spectacles, and looked unhappy. Mrs. Earnshaw, wearing white sailor trousers and a yachting cap jauntily perched on the side of her hennaed head, greeted Dora in the grand manner.

"My son tells me," said Mrs. Earnshaw in self-made accents, "that you have a boat of your own?"

Dora bridled. "I have," she said proudly, "the Rosalyn."

"Fun," said Mrs. Earnshaw, meaning "how quite dreadful," and asked Dora what she would like to drink.

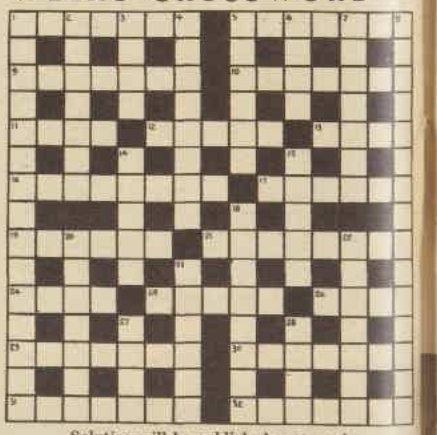
"I think we have everything," Clifford announced. "What about a champagne cocktail?"

"I'd rather have sherry—"

Mr. Earnshaw stopped looking miserable. "Ah, a civilised drink. I have an excellent sherry—try this."

Please turn to page 34

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. A father insect is very hard. (7.)
5. Vegetable, animal, vegetable. (7.)
9. To very soft the French tumbles. (7.)
10. Vehicle be a generation for a vegetable. (7.)
11. A department and a river in Normandy. (4.)
12. Blackguard about a scheme. (5.)
13. Mother of Castor and Pollux. (4.)
16. Richer to mix the treatise on the art of speaking. (8.)
17. Gathered into one thousand long-eared beast before Edward. (6.)
19. Wrench are in Spain. (6.)
21. Unbranded calf or masterless person in U.S.A. (8.)
24. Bend I have for finish. (4.)
25. Father in tea represent in color. (5.)
26. Strong taste looked on the wrong way is a blood-sucking insect. (4.)
29. A sailor, the sun god, and a bad actor are a chief character in the Old Testament. (7.)
30. Of the side, but more than the first half tells that not at once. (7.)
31. Main supporter of the railways but only as a kind of sleeping partner. (7.)
32. Short advertisement in rubber tube gives long, vehement speeches. (7.)

DOWN

1. Hercules made there a wise choice and you have to reduce your speed there. (2, 3, 10.)
2. Sprinkle as by itself. (7.)
3. Three-toed sloth and fifties afflicts. (6.)
4. Many thanks on obsessions adds up to an island. (8.)
5. One hundred and ninety-nine Cockney hero give a famous Roman orator. (6.)
6. Lady's dress be in mass of eggs. (4.)
7. Tots of spirit taken after coffee. (7.)
8. It is said that fermented drink and a game with ninepins is not a poor amusement that life can give. (4, 3, 8.)
14. Rough mass of wood I see in the science of reasoning. (8.)
15. In Scotland this trunk is tossed. (5.)
18. Glove but very painful to run it. (6.)
20. Back about poem. (7.)
22. Refused to take notice nor in the middle. (7.)
23. Itinerant monk under vow of poverty with a friend above the French sea. (6.)
27. Retail business mainly a jump. (4.)
28. Set in motion. (4.)

A	B	A	R	M	E	C	I	D	E	F	E	A	S	T
M		N		E				E		O		N		E
B		I	M	A	G	E		C	A	R	A	V	A	N
U		M		N		G		A		T		I		A
S	L	A	N	D	E	R		N		U	H	L	A	N
H		L		E		E		T		N		S		T
				P	R	O	S	E		L	E	T		
P	A	P	A			S		G			D	P	A	L
			T	A	R			R	E	D	A	N		
T		V		B		O		M		B		L		A
A	L	I	B	I		R		I	N	R	O	A	D	S
R		O		G		A		N		O		M		H
M	A	L	L	A	R	D		I	R	A	T	E		L
A		A		I		E				C		R		A
C	A	S	T	L	E	S	I	N	T	H	E	A	I	R

Solution to last week's crossword.

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COUNTRY BRIDE. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wrigley leaving St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, with their attendants. From left: Brown Symons, George Rowlands, Ian Stewart, Jocelyn Simpson, Jill Pratten, and Marjorie Robertson. The bride was Betty Rowlands, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rowlands, of "Hilton," Mandurama.

INFORMAL PICTURE of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Shaw after their wedding at All Saints', Woollahra. The bride was Anne Capel, younger daughter of Mrs. M. E. Capel of "Millgalar," Warialda.

GODDAUGHTER of the Duchess of Gloucester, Annabel Elizabeth Parbury, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Parbury, after christening at Christ Church, Kiama.

Social Gottings

AFTER meeting young Irishman Frank Griffin, from County Cork, in the British Cameroons, West Africa, last Christmas, former Ascham girl Suzanne Carr was married to him at a little Swiss Mission Station, at Buea, on February 24.

Frank is a civil engineer in the British Colonial Service, and Suzanne is now happily settling into home life in the jungle.

Their postponed honeymoon will be next July, when they will spend Frank's leave in England and Ireland. In a letter to her mother, Mrs. Z. Carr, of Vaucluse, Suzanne said that "after our leave it's back to the jungle, but we do not know where." They plan to spend their 1952 leave in Australia.

Suzanne and Frank met when she went to West Africa to nurse her friend, Mrs. William Palmer, formerly Vanda Cowton, of Queensland, before the birth of Vanda's baby. Vanda's husband also is a member of the Colonial Service, and a friend of the Carr family. The Palmers live 35 minutes' flying time from Suzanne's new home.

• • •

THE John Fenwickes, of Rowena, have called their daughter Barbara Anne. She is their first child. Mrs. Fenwicke was Barbara Wiseman, of Armidale, and Barbara Anne is the granddaughter of the Rupert Fenwickes, The Cottage, Europambela, Walcha.

INTERESTING news from India is the announcement of the engagement of Eunice Eagle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Eagle, of "Glynsan," Barham, N.S.W., to Geoffrey Malon, of Calcutta, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Malon, of "Rosly," East York, England. Geoffrey, who graduated in engineering from Oxford, has presented a lovely three-stone diamond ring to his fiancee. Couple met when Eunice was touring England

• • •

GOOD weather helped bring a large crowd to the Oberon Show. Well-tailored riding habits were worn by many women present. The grand parade was led by Oberon identity Mr. Arthur Cunynghame in his shining sulky. The Rupert Wilsons, of "Fairview," were making their last visit to the Show as local residents. They have sold their property and will live in Vaucluse. Dr. and Mrs. Tom Bateman's four children wore jodhpurs, but had to withdraw from riding events because their Shetland ponies died of poisoning a few days before the show. Joan Kater had Robin Searcey as a house guest at "Swatchfield." Mrs. Bill Alexander had the Geoff Haskins at "Clear Springs," and the Batemans had Dr. John Connolly at "Pomeroy." Nancy Stock, of Bathurst, won ladies' horse-riding championship.

LONDON WEDDING. Dr. and Mrs. John Cramer leaving St. James', Spanish Place. The bride was Margaret Cox, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cox, of Turramurra, and the groom is the elder son of Mr. J. O. Cramer, M.H.R., and Mrs. Cramer, of Wollstonecraft. They will return to Australia after Dr. Cramer gains his F.R.C.S.

MELBOURNE HOME for William Dill-Macky and his bride, formerly Evelyn Greaves, photographed leaving All Saints' Church, Hunter's Hill, after their wedding.

PROUD member of the audience at the premiere of "Swan Lake" at the Tivoli Theatre was Mrs. M. R. Golding, mother of tiny ballerina Lynne Golding. Lynne danced the difficult and exhausting dual role of Odette and Odile in the Tchaikovsky ballet. Lynne's sisters, Mrs. Pamela Rogers and Jeanne Golding, accompanied their mother.

• • •

AFTER a holiday with her mother, Mrs. Stella Stacey, of 52 Macleay Street, the former Patricia Stacey, now Mrs. Patricia Strachan, has returned to her home in Gisborne, N.Z., to start a new career. A widow and the mother of two children, Mrs. Strachan plans to stage professional fashion parades, which are still fairly new in New Zealand. At lunch at Prince's the day before she sailed for home, she described Gisborne as "like Palm Beach, but more off the beaten track."

SISTERS Mrs. Keith Harrison (left) and Mrs. Allan Pond, with their cousin Margo Haynes (centre), of Brisbane. Margo spent the University vacation in Sydney, and saw many Sydney cousins at a party given for her by Mrs. Harrison.

SYDNEY actress and producer Doris Fitton will play the part of Lady Denman at the Jubilee Pageant in Canberra on March 18, to celebrate the naming of Canberra as the capital of Australia by Lady Denman in 1913. King O'Malley, who was Minister for Home Affairs at that time, has been invited to attend. He is now 92, and his part in the original ceremony will be played by John Garran, son of Sir Robert Garran, of Canberra, a member of the convention which drew up the Australian Constitution. Tom Lowe, president of the Canberra Repertory Society, will be Mr. W. M. Hughes. The natural auditorium on the southern side of the Capital Hill will be the setting for the pageant, which will have a stage of 12 acres.

• • •

BEFORE preparing for her marriage to Frederick Howe at Malvern Hill Methodist Church, Croydon, on Easter Saturday, Betty Corish, of Croydon, is holidaying at Coolangatta.

BRIEFLY: The recently married Roy Ayrtons are back from a South Coast honeymoon, and Roy, a former Battle-of-Britain pilot, is studying for his final year in economics. Mrs. Ayrton was formerly Barbara Doyle, of Newcastle . . . Muswellbrook will be the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Guihot when they return from their honeymoon. The bride was Joyce Smith, daughter of the B. H. Smiths, of New Farm, Brisbane, and formerly of Mt. Hope, N.S.W. . . . Jean Dunne, of Potts Point, will marry Richard Magnoni, of Wimbledon, England, and formerly of India, on Saturday. They will live at Potts Point.

Anne

COUNTRY COUPLE. David Hall, of Geurie, and his bride, formerly Jill McKeown, of "Red Hill," Wellington, after their wedding at All Saints', Woollahra.

TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY. Coffee after the dinner given by Mrs. Ralph Morton at Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli, for the birthday of Mrs. Tony Schrader, formerly Patricia Morton. From left: Mr. and Mrs. Tony Schrader, Barry Morton, Sonia Schrader, and John Morton.

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Hard currency buys them a soft time

Caronia millionaires hope trip will give them 10 years' extra life

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

MOST of the elderly millionaires and business magnates aboard the luxury world-cruising liner Caronia are hoping to add 10 years to their lives by the three-and-a-half months rest from worldly cares.

During the Caronia's three-day stay in Australian waters crew members in charge of the liner's gymnasium and medicinal baths told me the passengers were taking great care of themselves.

"APPARENTLY the food is so good and exercise so scarce they ask us to keep them healthy," a gymnasium assistant said.

"They are more interested in the curative baths than the gym., and some men have appointments for baths nearly every day. There are also a few women who want to reduce."

There are supposed to be many millionaires on board, but everyone I met modestly denied he or she was a millionaire, but admitted to having lots and lots of money.

"Don't say we are millionaires. It sounds so vulgar, and annoys some folk," said blonde, sunbrowned Mrs. Ida Goldstein, who is making the trip with her husband, Mr. Sam Goldstein.

Mr. Goldstein is retired from the New York dress trade, and is our idea of exactly how an American millionaire should look.

When I met Mrs. Goldstein she was dressed in a shell-pink linen sunfrock with shoes to match. Her chunky gold bangles matched her earrings and lovely gold necklace. Her sunglasses were gold and her handbag was luscious plastic.

I admired her dress and asked whether she had shoes to match all her dresses.

"Why, sure, we all do in the States," she said.

"I suppose you'd have hundreds of pairs of shoes," I said wonderingly.

"Oh no, dear, not hundreds—that sounds terrible—just about 150," Mrs. Goldstein said.

"We just love your country. We have seen everything and bought everything in our three days. It has been wonderful," she added.

I turned to her husband. He was dark and short, and wore a check suit, nylon shirt, suede shoes, and a diamond ring and tie-pin.

He offered to take me on a tour of the ship.

Threading my way through the vast air-conditioned main lounge with its coral-pink-and-grey chairs we passed a larger than life-size picture of British Royalty.

"Isn't that a magnificent picture?" exclaimed Mr. Goldstein. "We love the English, you know. Just love them so much my wife and I had our pictures taken beside that lovely portrait of your King and Queen."

The portrait was of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.

We pushed on past the ornate baroque library, with beautifully bound red volumes imprisoned in golden filigree bookcases.

"Not many of us use the library, although it is a wonderful library, with a marvellous collection of books," Mr. Goldstein said.

"I haven't read any of them, but it says that in the cruise guide.

"We have so much to do all day. It is simply wonderful the way everything is planned for us.

"Miss Patrick, would you believe it, we have every hour of the day organised. From morning to night we can play bingo, horse racing, deck games, attend lectures, go to films, concerts, music—everything for every minute."

We stopped for a few minutes to sip a highball (the first one we had ever tasted) in the black-and-chrome cocktail lounge.

"The food on this ship is something to dream about," Mr. Goldstein told me.

"It is magnificent. You just ask for something. Give them 24 hours' notice and you have it.

"The kitchen's motto is, 'You name it, we make it'.

"Those who are not on a diet eat their heads off," he added. "It gives them something to do.

"There are 130 chefs cooking for 232 passengers. Sitting at dinner on one side someone may be eating Russian food, on the other side a French dish, and someone else eating Swedish food. It is amazing, but I'm on a diet.

"It seems hard that ulcers and old age should go with lots of money," he said sadly.

"The wines are magnificent. Wines from all over the world, and only the very best."

I asked if they had any Australian wines on board. Mr. Goldstein said he didn't know Australia produced wines.

Mr. Goldstein told me some passengers paid about 3000 dollars for their cabins, but they were rather cramped and were two-berths right down in the bowels of the ship.

"There is only one couple in a luxury suite. They are Colonel and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, who paid 33,000 dollars."

Some of the tourists buy the packet of tours covering the basic trips of the cruise for 1560 dollars. But if you take the majority of the main trips it costs an extra 10,000 dollars.

"Tours cost from 90 dollars to 450 dollars a person, depending on how long they are," Mr. Goldstein said.

He told me that about 70 of the women passengers were travelling alone, but most of them were over 60.

The oldest passenger is an engineer of 88, and the youngest is a lad of seven.

After I left Mr. Goldstein I tapped nervously on the door of the 33,000-dollar suite. A tall, smartly dressed woman opened it.

She was very charming. When I asked if I might have a look at the luxury suite of the ship she said:

"Do come in, but please don't call this a luxury suite. Why, it is what anyone has at home. And such a nuisance having only one bedroom. My husband and I always have a bedroom each."

Indicating the small kitchen in the suite, she said: "What's the use of kitchen to us on a cruise? The food is so marvellous we wouldn't think of cooking any ourselves. It would have been better to have had two bathrooms. My husband and I never share a bathroom."

Mrs. Montgomery was wearing the most beautiful diamonds I have ever seen. On her finger was a single stone at least threequarters of an inch square.

Her diamond watch was closely studded all round the band.

Colonel Montgomery was very elderly, and also charming, and smoked a cigar.

He told me he was an accountant and taxation expert, and had made his money advising people and writing books on tax problems.

"Every year I write three books on taxation which are bought by nearly every firm in the States," he said.

"As the Treasury changes the tax laws nearly every year, I have to write another lot of books, which are also bought up on a big scale."

In his bookcase were expensive-looking leather-bound volumes of his taxation writings lining the shelves.

The crew of the ship are the normal collection of sturdy British seamen. They have two-berth and four-berth cabins, and live well on seamen's standard rations.

They have their own private swimming-pool, and the majority of them are "having a grand time of it."

"By goom, don't say we are English; you'll be gettin' into a spot o' bother," a burly sailor told me when I asked whether the crew were all English.

"There's Irish, Scottish, Welsh, Canadian, and even a couple of colonial Australians, so we all like to be called British," he added.

A.B. Charlie Cass, of Southampton, who has been 27 years at sea, said he was having a "real good time."

"I always enjoy myself on trips, and this one is a boomer. I get only £24/10/- a month, but I guess I enjoy myself in port as much as our swell passengers.

"We sailors don't need conducted tours," he added with a twinkle. "Some of us went on a smashing bus trip for 7/6 each."

"We live well, have good food—cereals and bacon and eggs for breakfast, always a hot and a cold dish to choose from at meals," Tom Cummings, of Liverpool, England, told me.

Edward Caton, of East Leigh, England, said that several of the well-dressed members of the crew had been mistaken for millionaires going ashore.

One lad, known as "Flashy," who had his suits cut American style, claimed he has twice been taken for a wealthy passenger.

Barry Brown, who is the only Canadian in the crew, has been to Australia before. He spent two years cattle droving in the Northern Territory.

"I think the crew are much happier than the passengers," he told me. "They don't seem to know what to do to keep themselves amused.

"They always have to be organised and looked after," he added as he bent over the scrubbing broom with which he was cleaning the deck.

EXTRA ROOM FOR CLOTHES

THE Cunard White Star 34,000-tonner m.v. Caronia left New York on January 6 on a round-the-world dollar-earning cruise.

The Caronia, which had her maiden voyage only two years ago, is due at Southampton on April 14 after calling at places like Sydney, Noumea, Port Moresby, Bombay, Marseilles.

Included in her 750 feet and 10 decks are two beauty parlors, a theatre which seats 300 people, 570 clocks, and 700 telephones.

Many of the passengers now travelling in the ship had to have special fixtures put in their cabins for their clothing.

All the women have complete all-the-year-round wardrobes ranging from luxurious fur coats to sun frocks.

"SEE Everything, Go Everywhere" is the motto of Caronia passengers Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldstein, of New York. While the ship was in port, the Goldsteins spent all their time sight-seeing ashore.

CREW MEMBERS Tom Cummings (left), Edward Caton, and David Brown are having a good time on the round - the - world trip in the Caronia without spending very much money.

COLONEL AND MRS. MONTGOMERY, of Connecticut and Florida, who have the £15,000 suite on board the Caronia. They are keen horticulturists and like to inspect gardens privately.

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Rosy Hosiery's Paris

These are variations of this season's silhouette, which was shown last week on these pages. Paris couturiers, using different collar and bodice treatment, distinguish the silhouette in their own individual ways. Most of these variations could be used on the basic coat.

● From Balenciaga comes the pyramid-sloped coat (left) of supple black-and-white striped wool. It has double-breasted buttoning and raglan sleeves.

● Fath's sunray-pleated woollen coat of yellow with large beaver collar and cuffs is an outstanding and individual line.

● Co[illegible] lows [illegible] as last [illegible] in the [illegible] ment [illegible] very, [illegible] the he[illegible] when [illegible] toned [illegible]

● Molyneux [illegible] ally buttons the [illegible] of his crimson [illegible] (above right), trim[illegible] it with a borde[illegible] astrakhan, [illegible] astrakhan hat [illegible]

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Notes.

Dior (left) follows same outline week, only varying style of collar treatment. This collar is cut under at the back of the neck, framing the face and double-breasted buttons the bodice.

● Huge collar distinguishes this black model by Dior (right). Standing high at the back of the head it is prolonged to form scarf ends. The muff is of leopard fur.

● Designer Gres uses a folded cape of white, which buttons cleverly back as a collar (right). Two of his variations of the silhouette are sketched on this page.

● Dior varies the same coat as the one sketched above with an enormous obliquely buttoning collar, which almost forms a cape.

● Balenciaga has created this softly draping shawl with a Spanish influence, fringed with little black pompons.

● Gres uses a bertha of beaver in his particular version of the silhouette (right). A further variation by Gres is used in the top right-hand corner.

Dorothea Johnston

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The Lady Went to Sea

DORA took the drink and then sat down on the plush settee. Clifford asked, "Has the Rosalyn got an engine?"

"Yes, temperamental."

"Well," said Mrs. Earnshaw with a sigh, "we hardly know whether our engines, they're . . . diesel of course . . . are temperamental or not. You see my husband has only just bought the White Heather and apart from a short run up the river we've not really tried her out yet."

Clifford broke in then, a look of anxiety on his face, saying, "But we're hoping to go to France next week. Make a real trip, you know."

Dora didn't, but she felt that already she was enough of a sailor to keep her end up. She began to wonder, but only for a second, whether Clifford knew as much about boats as he made out.

They chatted then, and Dora stayed and had lunch with them and then said she had to go because there was still a lot of work to do on Rosalyn.

Clifford insisted on coming along to help paint Rosalyn's starboard side, and Dora was glad of his help. That is, she was glad of another brush to slap paint on Rosalyn.

Watching him manipulate his brush, Dora thought that it was lucky he had been born an Earnshaw. He was obviously not a handy man. Still, she decided, that didn't mean he was incapable of managing a boat.

Next morning Clifford took her out in the Earnshaws' small cabin-cruiser. She decided his methods were more enthusiastic than seamanlike when she found herself knocked off her feet when he suddenly changed course to avoid another week-end sailor in a high-powered speedboat.

On the Saturday evening before the start of her holiday, she asked John to dinner. She wore her prettiest frock, and her mother prepared a special meal.

Dora had told her mother that tonight she was going to do everything she knew to persuade the reluctant sailor aboard her ship.

Mr. and Mrs. Winter had booked rooms for the three of them at the Sandsea hotel, and they were all travelling down on the Monday.

After dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Winter tactfully left Dora and John alone with the radiogram.

John, at ease in the deep chair, looked well fed, happy, and his manner was as loving as any girl could wish.

Dora started her attack.

"John, darling! You know the boat's ready?"

"Um . . ."

"Darling . . . I've done it—all on my own—"

"With the help of every male in Sandsea—"

"—how did you know that?"

"I may not like grubbing about on an old tub, but I do like to smell the sea now and then. Of course, I've been up to my eyes in work these past few weeks, but I did drop down once or twice. Besides, I had to see after that pump, and the installation. I heard things."

"Really?"

"Yes. I gather that on the Sandsea waterfront my name is mentioned with contempt. I am, in fact, hardly half a man—according to Briggs."

"Briggs has been very sweet—he did nearly all the caulking for me."

"So he told me. I met him in the Anchor. So I bought him a pint, and when he'd drunk that he mentioned, though tactfully, mind you, that caulking the Rosalyn was some job. I bought him another pint. Altogether it was an expensive evening."

"I'm sure he wasn't after any reward——"

"Of course not. Then I met Sellers. And what he told me about the state of the Rosalyn's gear frightened me. I bought him pints, too. And then there was the foreman of the paint shop, and the shipwright—the cabin top is about as solid as an eggbox. We had a convivial evening, the shipwright, the foreman, and I."

Dora decided that the time had come for her to get to grips with the

Continued from page 28

enemy. She moved over and sat down on John's knee.

"Darling—you are sweet. And now I have a very big favor to ask you."

"No," said John.

"You won't come? Just because you hate the sea. You won't come for me?"

"No. I've been against it from the start."

But Dora persisted. "You could change your mind," she said.

"I never change my mind. I owe my success in life to that."

"All right! I'll get someone else then."

"Oh? Who's the gallant mate-lot?"

"It's none of your business."

"Now, Dora. You're not putting to sea with some goop who doesn't know one end of a boat from another. Who is this fascinating rover?"

"He comes from a very well-to-do family—"

"—that doesn't make him a seaman."

"—and they have their own yacht."

"—what sort of yacht?"

"—An enormous motor cruiser—"

"A motor cruiser? All cocktails and yachting caps, I know . . ."

And that broke off the engagement. Dora retired in tears to her bedroom.

Mr. Winter had a glass of whisky with John, and upstairs in her room Dora heard their voices rumbling away. She heard her father say, "Of course. I entirely agree with you," and then John's voice suddenly deep, "I'll cope with it all right, you needn't worry."

And then mumble, mumble, mumble, and then John's voice again, "I should say not. I wouldn't stand for that."

Furiously Dora buried her head in the pillow. They were going to stop her, were they? She'd go to sea with Clifford. She'd show them that all her work on Rosalyn had not been just a silly whim. She'd show them that at any rate she was brave enough to take Rosalyn outside the harbor.

For the rest of the week-end no one mentioned the Rosalyn. John rang up on the Sunday and Dora had a cold conversation with him, and he told her that he wouldn't be coming round as he had some work to put through.

Dora, still angry, and very much on the defensive, said of course and good-bye, and hung up. She sent a wire to Clifford Earnshaw telling him to stand by for Tuesday.

She did not mention this to her parents, only told them that there were one or two odd jobs to finish off on the Rosalyn and it might be three or four days before she could sail.

On Tuesday morning, at seven-thirty, Dora dressed and slipped out of the hotel.

As she approached the quay, Clifford met her. His greeting was effusive and Dora felt that he might turn out to be something more than a mere crew.

He carried a hamper. "There's cold chicken, a very pleasant hock, some foie gras sandwiches in case we get peckish."

"That's wonderful, Clifford. We ought to hurry, though, the tide's just about right, isn't it?"

"Be full in half an hour. We'll round the coast a bit and come back with the flood."

Clifford started up the engine, and miraculously, after a couple of swings, got it going.

Then, with the sea green ahead of them and dark blue under the horizon, with the morning breeze playing softly in their faces, and the dark brown houses behind them, they pushed slowly out of the harbor.

Dora took the tiller, while Clifford stood by the engine. Dora was still nervous about it, ready for it to cough and die at any minute.

Please turn to page 37

Beauty in brief:

For shapely ears

By CAROLYN EARLE

EARRINGS are more popular than ever this year. If you wear the type which screw on to the lobe of the ear, how do you remove them?

Do you always take time to unscrew the fastener gently, or do you make a habit of pulling them off the ears quickly in a way that often makes you wince?

To stay on, earrings need to be fastened firmly. The chances are that if you pull them off you will not only have sore ear-lobes, but in time will spoil the shape of the ears.

Where ears have a tendency to protrude, an ear-covering hair-style is the first line of camouflage.

The simple habit of wearing a fairly broad band of linen over the ears during sleeping hours is a homespun hint that is as good as any to remedy protruding ears. The band goes under the chin, over each ear, and is tied on top of the head, firmly but not tightly.

Carefully flattening the ears to the side of the head before putting on any kind of headgear is a long-term habit that will help out.

Although the ears are usually neglected in beauty treatments, finger-tip massage for a few minutes and firm kneading and pinching of the lobes are beneficial and relaxing.

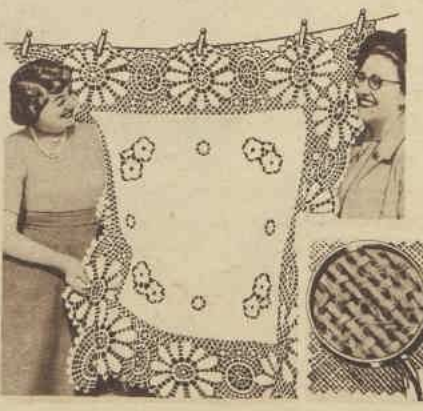
Ladies! Here's proof clothes last longer, when washed with VELVET SOAP!

says Aunt Jenny

"FOR 6 YEARS, in all weathers, my sunroom curtains have been up at these windows," says Mrs. Campbell. "I get a thrill to put them back after each wash, looking just like new."

I would like you to meet my friend, Mrs. E. Campbell of 77 Waitara Pde., Hurstville, N.S.W. Without a doubt, her wash is a wonderful example of careful laundering. And Mrs. Campbell tells me that she, and her mother before her, have used nothing but pure Velvet Soap for their washing.

"THIS CLOTH was made especially for me many years ago, and I only trust it to a Velvet wash. You see, I *know* Velvet keeps it white and yet doesn't harm all that fine handwork."



"TALK ABOUT VELVET FOR 'EXTRA WEAR'" chuckles Mrs. Campbell, "these shirts of my husband's are a perfect example. They're at least 11 years old and still ready for more wear!"

Pure, mild Velvet is so kind to your hands—so gentle to your clothes. Here's why clothes last longer.

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because hard-rubbing is necessary with skimpy, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave!

FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard-rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra-soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt is left behind.

Listen in every week to "FRED & MAGGIE EVERYBODY"

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FIRST, COTY'S BRILLIANT *Coral Pink* LIPCOLOUR

(THE SHADE FOR THE SUN)

—and now, its perfect complement . . .

CONTINENTALE

"AIRSPUN"* FACE POWDER by

COTY

Straight from the heart of fashionable Paris comes this thrilling new shade of "AirSpun" Face Powder — **"Continentale"** . . . a fascinating soft peach tone, with a subtle hint of deep honey. **"Continentale"** actually radiates the basic colours of youthful skin, reflecting the warmth and glow of your own complexion at its best. Wonderfully flattering for those inclined to be pale or slightly sallow and really charming for the suntanned, **"Continentale"** is perfumed in a choice of five famous Coty Perfumes: L'Origan, Paris, Chypre, Muguet des Bois, L'Aimant. ***And,*** of course, it's "AirSpun" to an incredible fineness — to stay on longer and never, ***never*** cake!

"Continentale" is introduced in the new, larger Coty "AirSpun" Face Powder Box containing more powder.

**AIRSPUN—an exclusive Coty process which whirls the powder round at fantastic speed so that each microscopic particle becomes far smaller, rounder and softer than could ever be achieved by mere milling and grinding. The result? Coty "AirSpun" Face Powder, remarkable for its amazingly fine texture, its clinging properties and its absolute refusal to cake even on the oiliest of skins.*

"Continentale's" Good Companions to aid you in the Art of being *Simply Beautiful!*

Coty Lipstick—the fluted, jewel-like De Luxe container designed to take the marvellous "quick-change" refill . . . or the standard Coty mist-blue and clove-pink enamel container (refills available). 9 colours, including "Coral Pink," perfect with "Continentale."

Coty Foundation Lotion for sensitive skins; for normal skins, Coty Foundation Cream. For those who prefer a coloured base, Coty "Sub-Tint," in 5 lovely colours. You'll like "Medium" with "Continentale."

"AirSpun" in the Coty unspillable compressed compact form—in 8 shades, including "Continentale." Refills available.

Two rouges, in the colours you prefer — **Compressed** (dry), made by the exclusive "AirSpun" process, and to apply after "AirSpun" powder. **Cream**—to use before your powder. With "Continentale," the shade is "Vif."

Emphasise, ever so slightly, the loveliness of your eyes with Coty's smoothly creamed Eye-shadow —a choice of 5 colours.

And, of course, your Coty Skin Fragrance . . . a part of your own presence. Use it lavishly after bath for cool, fragrant, all-day freshness. Seek a Coty Expert's advice in choosing your particular fragrance.

Coty

COS.PP.

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CATARRH AND BRONCHIAL ASTHMA HAD HER DOWN!

Sydney housewife reports amazing benefits from LANTIGEN 'B' Dissolved Oral Vaccine

Read this remarkable letter from Mrs. J. Pollett, of "Brighton," 17 Waratah Street, Leichhardt, Sydney. It brings new hope to thousands of sufferers from Bronchial and Catarrhal complaints.

"Seven years ago I lay in hospital propped up on pillows, under drugs, trying to get control of my Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh.

"Treatment seemed to do me no good and I returned home to live a life of misery. **At one stage I spent no less than four months in bed. A district nurse used to come in daily to look after me. I could not even wash myself.** I used to fear the coming of night, because I knew I'd spend hours longing for sleep to rest me a little; yet, all night long, I coughed and coughed. I felt I would die unless I gained relief.

"Then one day I sent a friend to the chemist to ask for anything that might give me relief. She brought back a Lantigen pamphlet. Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed and I bought my first bottle. **In three weeks I was up and about again and I have improved ever since. I am full of energy, where once I was dragged down.** I can sleep well at night. Instead of being propped up, I just use ordinary pillows again.

"I have no signs of Catarrh or Bronchitis and I never have a headache.

"I would like a memorial erected to Lantigen 'B.' If I had had the same treatment from anyone else it would have cost me £100."

LITTLE BRISBANE BOY . . . "BRONCHITIS RELIEF"

Not only men and women, but children, too, can take Lantigen 'B' confidently. The case stated below shows it may be safely given to even the youngest children. Says father, Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Q'land:

"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of Bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough, used to go to sleep for about five minutes and then start coughing. This would go on until about three or three-thirty in the morning and then he would doze off to sleep and sleep until about ten o'clock. But all day long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy—no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night."

Lantigen 'B' Brings Prompt Relief

Lantigen 'B' counteracts the effects of the germs which cause Catarrh and Bronchitis because it is a modern, dissolved oral vaccine, prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction.

WORKS THROUGH THE BLOODSTREAM

Absorbed into the bloodstream through the mucous membranes of the nose, throat and digestive system, Lantigen 'B' stimulates the production of "antibodies."

HELPS TO PROMOTE IMMUNITY

These antibodies are the system's natural antidotes to the "catarrh" germs. They neutralise the germ poisons and thus relieve inflammation, pain and congestion. Immunity against further attack is promoted and often lasts for years.

ALL THESE BENEFITS

Breathing eases, sore, stuffed-up noses are freed, tight bronchial congestion soothed, heavy frontal headaches disappear, you sleep through the night without coughing—wake rested and fresh.

NO INJECTIONS

Just take Lantigen 'B' like an ordinary medicine in a little water at bedtime.

NO DRUGS

Lantigen 'B' is perfectly safe for young and old. It is guaranteed not to harm the heart nor interfere with other treatments.

ECONOMICAL

The recommended treatment costs just a few pence per day. Little indeed for the benefits Lantigen 'B' can bring to you.

MEDICAL OPINION ON ORAL IMMUNISATION

Dr. E. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal of February 15, 1936, as follows: **"In my experience the oral antigens have been mostly employed for cases of Catarrhal infections, Rheumatic conditions and Catarrhal Enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."**

And the Pickett Thompson Research Laboratories, London, writing in the same Journal, says: ". . . The advantage of the oral route of administration over the subcutaneous method is obvious."

You could not do better than to commence treating your Catarrh or Bronchitis with Lantigen 'B.' It has been proved so very successful by so many people over so many years.

Ask your chemist to-day for

Lantigen 'B'

THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

that's taken just like an ordinary medicine

FOR CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, SINUS and ANTRUM INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney

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The Lady Went to Sea

Continued from page 34

BUT they got clear of the harbor and met the slight swell running outside.

"I'll put her up head to wind," said Dora, "and then we'll hoist the sails."

"Put her where?" shouted Clifford.

"Head to wind—pointing into the wind. That's the right position for setting sail."

"Oh, of course," answered Clifford, and still looked quite bewildered.

After a bit of a struggle they got the heavy mainsail hoisted. Clifford was limp at the end of the manoeuvre.

"I say," he gasped, "don't you think that's enough sail to be going on with?"

Dora, gasping too, said she thought perhaps it was. The wind off the shore was blowing gently, and they turned Rosalyn and began to sail easily.

Dora, still at the tiller, felt Rosalyn moving with soft undulations beneath her.

She had done it. She was at sea. The sky was blue, the breeze was salt, and this, she thought romantically, is the life for me. Then she wished that John was there with her—because it was a lovely moment and any lovely moments life was generous enough to put in her way she wanted to share with John.

"I say," said Clifford, "aren't you putting her out to sea too much?"

"No. I just want to sail till the shore's out of sight, and then we'll turn back and continue along the coast."

"Can you—can you navigate at all?"

"No . . . I thought you could. You said that you were going to take White Heather over to France."

Clifford didn't meet her eyes. "Oh, as a matter of fact we had to cancel it—father got tied up with business."

All she did was to turn Rosalyn back so that they sailed parallel with the shore.

They had lunch on the cabin top. The chicken was delicious and the wine exhilarating. Dora was ravenous. Clifford, she noticed, ate very little.

An hour later Clifford was looking green, and the wind had changed from a soft breeze which had just moved Rosalyn along to a stiff breeze which made her heel over.

Clifford said, "I think . . . we ought to . . . turn back."

Dora, still entranced, didn't want to, but she still thought that Clifford knew more about the sea than she did, so she agreed. And then, suddenly, the Rosalyn was in rough water. The waves, which had been slapping with regularity against her sides, were suddenly confused. Rosalyn lurched badly and Clifford groaned.

She could only just hold the tiller, and the mainsail, every now and then as Rosalyn rolled, swung back and jerked on its boom with a terrifying noise.

"Clifford! What's happening?"

"I . . . don't . . . know . . ."

Clifford just groaned and then turned his face to the heaving billows again.

Dora tried to keep calm. The next instant she nearly let go the tiller and dropped on the deck with amazement. A voice said, "Could I help?"

It wasn't Clifford. Clifford was way beyond helping anyone—even himself.

Dora gasped. A strong hand took the tiller, and a strong arm went round her waist.

"Well, aren't you glad to see me?"

"John! Oh, darling . . . !"

And then Dora cried. She forgot that she had been going to prove to John that she could handle Rosalyn. She forgot about Clifford, who at any moment looked as if he would be rolled over the side.

She forgot everything except the miraculous wonderful fact of John being there, and that now everything would be all right.

"Now, darling, it's all right! Can you take the tiller again while I set the jib? We'll never get out of this without it. Don't you know where you are? You're too close to the sandbanks. I'll set her out into deep water."

In five minutes the jib was set. In ten John had put Rosalyn about, and was beating back towards Sandsea. In fifteen minutes Clifford had been carried below. In twenty they were off the sandbanks and sailing in quieter water.

It was only then that Dora thought of asking, "How on earth did you get on board?"

"In the usual manner. I slept on board last night. You see I guessed, at least your father and I guessed, that suddenly you would decide to put her to sea. And we weren't going to take any risks—"

"—But I heard you say, 'I wouldn't stand for that' and then father answered, 'No more would I,' and I thought you meant you wouldn't stand for me sailing Rosalyn ever."

"No. What we weren't going to stand for was your gallivanting out on the ocean with a landlocked Romeo for a crew."

"But Clifford led me to believe—"

"Dora?"

"Yes, darling?"

"There are too many men on the waterfront ready and willing to lead you to believe. I'm putting a stop to that."

"Yes, John."

"Will you marry me?"

But Dora still had her pride—and Rosalyn.

"I will," she said, "if you'll sign on to serve as master of Rosalyn."

"I told you—"

"Love me—love my boat. Oh, John, darling, won't you change your mind? Just this once?"

John stared out to sea, and they heard Clifford groan from inside the cabin.

"All right," he said, kissing Dora, "I will change my mind—just this once."

"I'll never ask you to do it again," said Dora happily.

"If you do," said John, "I shall regard it as mutiny."

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

INTERESTING PEOPLE

SIR RAPHAEL CILENTO

. . . seminar for Arabs

FORMER Director-General of Health in Queensland, Sir Raphael Cilento has returned to Australia. Worked repatriating prisoners from Belsen and other horror camps after World War II, also with U.N.R.R.A. in Greece on anti-malarial work. Was with late U.N.O. mediator Count Bernadotte in Palestine, and did valuable social work in Iran. Organised a seminar for Arab peoples in Lebanon to help raise their living standards.

MISS NANCY ELLIS

. . . flying wool

SYDNEY flier Nancy Ellis, one of Australia's best-known women fliers, recently undertook new job flying a Lodestar lifting wool from flooded station properties. Also flies charter planes for T.A.A. between Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Hobart. Says flying is a wonderful life. Packs her bag the same for two days or two months with clothes for every occasion. Has to put togs for flying or a country ball in the same small suitcase.

MR. PAUL DEKONING

. . . success with swimsuits

LEADING American industrialist Mr. Paul Dekoning, vice-president and general manager of Jantzen Limited, is visiting Australia. Worked his way up from clerk in Credit and Collection department to head of the company. Says latest synthetic fabric, orlon, will revolutionise swimsuits. It is light as gossamer and waterproof. Accompanied by his wife he will spend five weeks in Australia visiting all capitals. Two sons, Robert and John, remained behind.

SUNDOUR FINE FURNISHING FABRICS

NOW YOU CAN get them again! Sundour fabrics are back in all their glory. Chintzes and damasks and linens, for curtains and covers that brilliantly transform your rooms; muslins and nets to drape your windows: every sort of fabric to make your house a place you love to live in.

Sundour Fabrics are not only lovely to look at—they will stay lovely, too, however hard the wear or strong the sun. They were the first fast-colour fabrics ever produced, and they are still the finest. Always ask for them by name. You'll find the best stores stock Sundour Fabrics.

GUARANTEED UNFADABLE

MORTON SUNDOUR FABRICS LIMITED CARLISLE ENGLAND

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Not just chenille but...

Jeldi
THE BETTER CHENILLE

Also in tones of Rose, Blue, Green and Gold on White and Off-white backgrounds

so much lovelier....for so much longer!

Also in Off-white, Beige, Green, Gold, Mushroom and Blue as shown — also White

ALL THE WEALTH IN THE WORLD couldn't buy lovelier chenille, yet Jeldi is the *soul* of thrift.

It's practically everlasting, and so easy to care for. Colours keep their fresh glow forever. Ironing's unnecessary, and washing only makes Jeldi softer, fluffier than ever.

Your nearest store has dozens of beautiful Jeldi Chenille bedspreads for you to choose from, in all colours, all sizes. See them soon, and be sure the spread *you* buy says Jeldi.

Jeldi Manufacturing Pty. Ltd. The First to make Chenille in Australia

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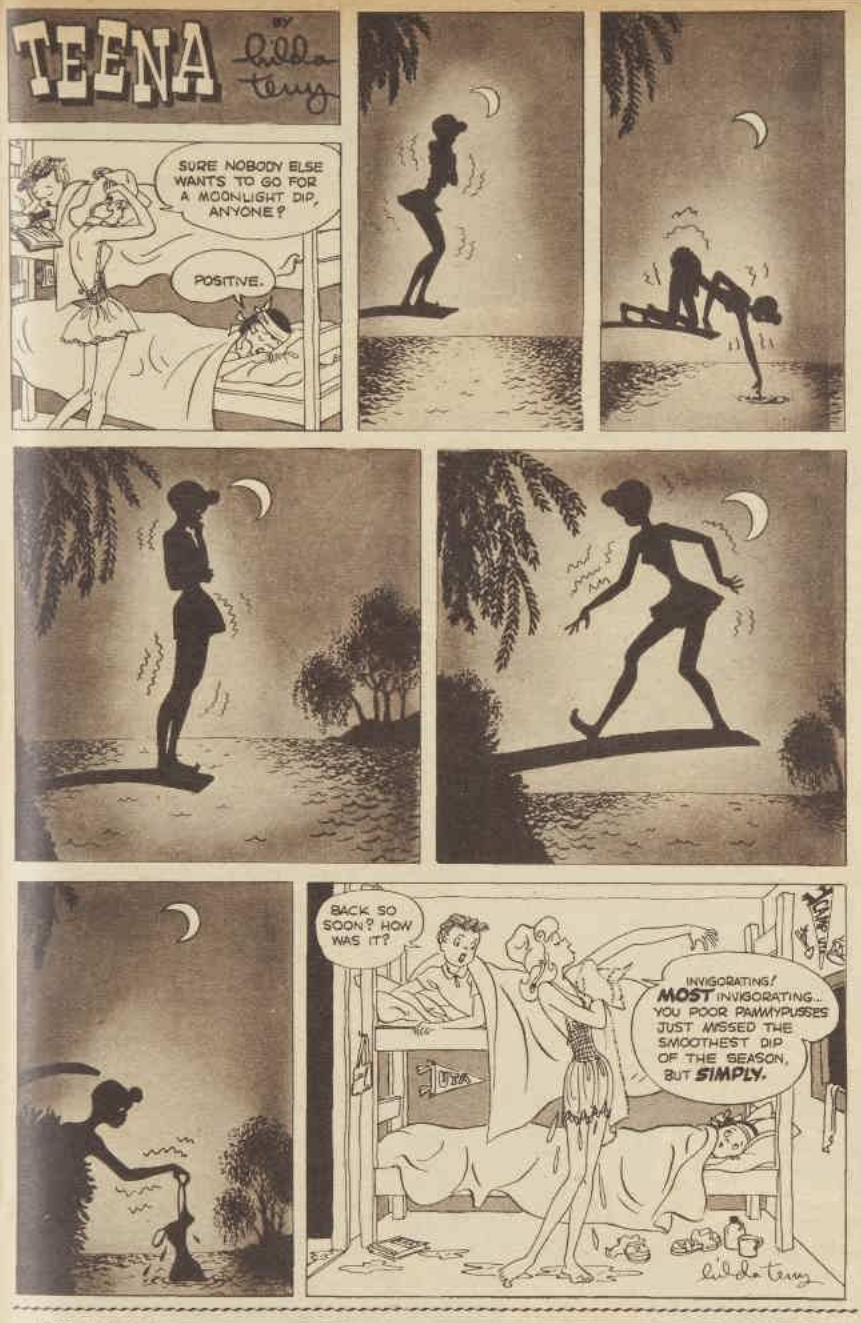

As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): March 8 and 12 are adverse and subject to unforeseen mishaps. Be on guard against duplicity and deception. Splendid aspects surround March 11, although their effect will be felt indirectly.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Emphasis is directed to that part of your chart which rules friendships and the people important in your life. Sunday is a remarkably lucky day, but you could experience some emotional upheaval on Monday.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Some rather vital aspects are building up in your career activities, all of which reach a zenith over the week-end. Make this the period for your important moves, the best you will have this month.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Plans should run smoothly on March 9 and 10, although you may have to skirt tactfully around difficult personal situations on March 8 and 12. News, changes, and travel bring a general shake-up.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Matters you have thought ended, assets frozen or paying poor dividends could all come to light this week. There certainly seems some luck or increase in financial affairs over the next few days.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Although other sections of your map may be unfavorable this week, matters pertaining to marriage, love ties, or partnerships are well aspected and promise some important developments nearing the week-end.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Not your best week for matters that tie in with partnerships, lawsuits, or competitors. Refrain from making any impulsive moves on March 8 and 12. Sunday is your happiest day.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Your active cycle this week rules romance, pleasures, children's affairs, and games of chance, and you may expect some good luck in one of these directions. Watch health on March 8.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): A lively time surrounds your home and domestic affairs this week, and it is quite possible you may decide on some enjoyable holiday or change. Choose Sunday for best results, but be careful on March 7, 8, and 12.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): This week may crystallise an excellent idea or half-formed plan into action. Don't hesitate to go ahead. You have luck with you as you near the week-end.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): All kinds of financial possibilities could open this week. Your income seems to stretch further, either through good buying, extra profit, or an increase in wages. However, use care on March 8 and 12.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): You can write this week down as one of your most favorable in 1951. There are some golden moments, during which you should leave no stone unturned. Concentrate particularly on Sunday.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.)

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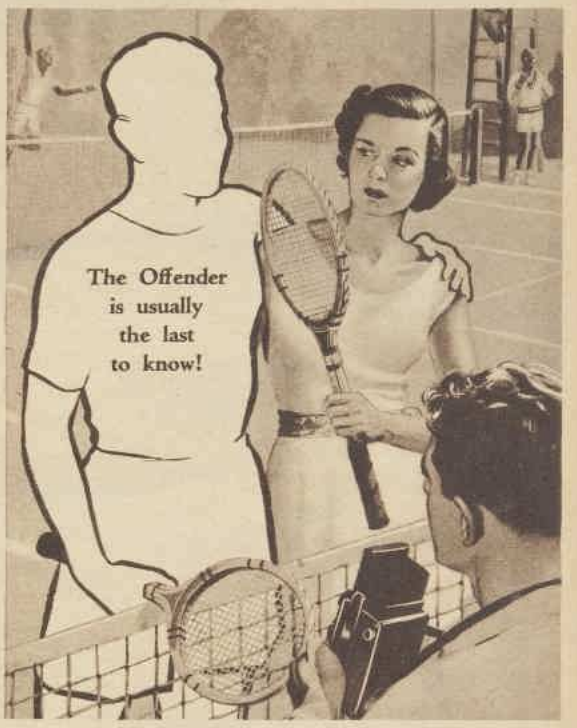
Make sure YOU are safe!



LIFEBUOY GUARANTEES YOU WILL BE SAFE...MAKE THIS 10 DAY TEST

For just 10 days use Lifebuoy in your morning shower . . . after a hot, sticky day . . . in fact, whenever you bath or shower! Then check the difference Lifebuoy has made to your personal freshness. YOU WILL BE CONVINCED THAT YOU ARE SAFE!

Here's why

Tests prove regular bathing with Lifebuoy builds up protection against perspiration odour

Scientific tests show that from the day you start to use Lifebuoy you start to safeguard yourself against B.O., and as you go on using Lifebuoy you build up increasingly better protection. No other soap tested could match Lifebuoy because no other soap is specially prepared to stop B.O.—no other soap has Lifebuoy's exclusive purifying ingredient. The only safe, permanent way to guard against B.O. is by regular bathing with Lifebuoy.

CHECK PERSPIRATION POINTS

Make sure you are safe!

Any confined areas, such as underarms, need special attention. Lifebuoy gives long-lasting protection at these key points and all over your body.

Embarrassing odour from perspiring feet is stopped by Lifebuoy. Lifebuoy keeps you cleaner.

W.304.WW.122a

Is your Salary adequate ?

If you are a Burroughs Calculator Operator, or would like to learn, you can earn a substantial salary and, in addition, weekly bonuses. This bonus scheme can add considerably to your salary envelope.

Girls without office machine experience are invited to join our staff and be trained to operate a Burroughs Calculator *in office hours*, at full salary and qualify to participate in bonus payments.

Learn more about this scheme by contacting—

The Staff Personnel Officer, Kraft Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd., 108 Queen Street, Melbourne, C1. 'Phone MU8231.

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Treat yourself to

New Home Beauty..

CLEAN UP—PAINT UP FIX UP—NOW!

Hasten up your "Home Beauty Plans" this season with bright, new "Colour facials" for all jaded surfaces. Summer sun and rain play havoc with exposed areas — but paint restores, protects, transforms, beautifies — imparts new character and cheer to the whole happy home front . . . and when ordering your paint needs always remember your local Berger Agent's sign is the surest guide to greater paint success.

KEM-TONE - the oil paint that mixes with water - wonderful for interior walls and ceilings. Easy to apply.

SYNTHELAC - has an interior, high gloss finish - just right for kitchens, cupboards, toys and furniture.

SUPERGLOSS - a quick drying, synthetic high-gloss paint for all exterior surfaces. For homes, garages sheds and weekenders.

"B.P." - the famous, long-lasting house paint for all home exterior uses. Forms a tough weather-resistant film.

LOOK FOR THE BERGER AGENT'S SIGN

LEWIS BERGER & SONS (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Are working on the case of a jewel-thief,
THE BLUE BANDIT: Who turns out to be a girl, when she is unmasked at a fancy-dress party.

Wearing a gas-mask, the bandit had robbed guests while they were under the influence of sleeping gas. When the host confronts her, people suddenly miss their jewels. Firing a shot in the air, the bandit rushes away, followed by Mandrake. NOW READ ON:

When Summer saps your energy

REVITALISE WITH *RADOX

Beautiful women in the public eye—stage and screen personalities, social beauties—***revitalise with oxygen-charged Radox baths.*** When summer heat saps your energy, you too can relax weary muscles the same way. Radox gives ordinary tap water the revitalising properties of a mineral-spring spa. Be refreshed, vital, ready to go—***revitalise with Radox!***

When Feet Ache a Radox foot-bath removes stale perspiration acids — your feet feel like new again.

RA.7.16

*RADOX
Medicinal Bath Salts
3/6 packet from Chemists

THE PERFECT PEPPERMINT

ALLEN'S STEAM ROLLERS 1½D

FULL FLAVOURED —AND LASTING!

S.R.5.6

The Heart of every fine Self Raising Flour is "AEROPHOS" the Double Acting RAISING INGREDIENT

USED BY ALL LEADING BRANDS

AEROPHOS

LOOK FOR THE NAME "AEROPHOS" ON THE PACKET

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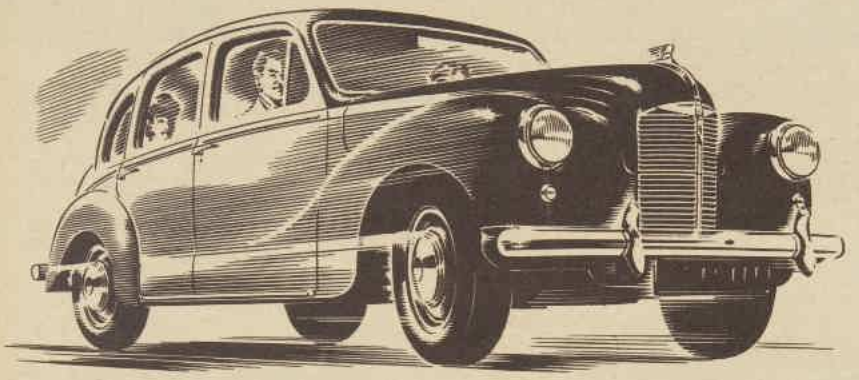
Knowing a good car



means knowing an Austin

As soon as you enjoy Austin performance — you know you've got a fine car. Vivid acceleration, high cruising speed and smooth riding give you more driving enjoyment than you've ever had before from a car of its size. And its tenacious road-holding and sure braking must be tried to be believed. Once you've driven the powerful, dependable Austin you'll know there is no other car that suits you so well.

WHERE 1 INCH MEASURES 20 FEET!

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Purely Platonic

Continued from page 7

CAMILLA was a little surprised at his attitude, although really relieved. "Will you drive me back?" she asked. "Or must I hike?"

"I'm not going to drive you," he said, "but I've not the slightest objection to your taking the small car."

Once on the main road, Camilla called herself so many names that she feared she must be repeating herself.

What hit her straight between the eyes was the fact that neither Tom Carruthers nor Marvin Taylor was prepared to make the least concession to her wishes . . . and these were the men she had successively chosen to give her what she wanted.

One disappointment might be an accident—but two proved that there was something wrong with the way she went to work . . . or her desires. She didn't know what to do now for the best—and this was always a painful sensation to Camilla.

Well, it was no good worrying with a night's work before her . . .

Arriving in her own street, she saw a car parked outside her door. It was Barty's. She hoped he wouldn't ask awkward questions or try to be funny, but he said in matter-of-fact tones: "Would you like to have a bit of dinner first, or start straight away? I can always buy some sandwiches later."

This sounded so normal that she felt better. She realised she was hungry.

He behaved beautifully. While they were dining he told her how he had spent the afternoon with a couple of small nephews in the Park. He made them sound the most engaging little fellows. That was the heavenly thing about Barty, she suddenly thought—he had imagination.

When she had put on her smock, she said: "Well, that's fine. Thanks a lot, Barty. Run along now, and I'll phone you in the morning."

"Don't worry about me," he said easily. "I've brought a book to read."

She was too tired to argue. She sat down and sketched in the figures rapidly—years of training making her expert in these rush jobs.

At midnight, Barty said: "Like some coffee?"

She nodded.

Bringing in the coffee, he said: "Got much more to do?"

"No, I've nearly finished."

"The easy way you make money is a knockout," he exclaimed.

She pushed back her drawing-board and threw down her pen.

"It looks as though I shall be making it for a long time to come. You were right. Marvin took me to the mill alone—and made the most improper suggestions."

"The clot!"

"He told me I was inhuman," she said in a very shaky voice. "That must just have been pique. I think I'm very human. All I've ever wanted is a position where I didn't have to wonder where the next penny was coming from. How can you enjoy yourself when you're always worrying about money?"

"I've never known a girl who was so near the truth—and so far from it," said Barty. "What are you going to do now?"

"Go into a convent."

"No, you're not," said Barty masterfully, "because this time you're going to marry me."

She opened her mouth to protest—it was purely automatic. But no words came.

"Who else are you happy with?" he asked.

"I haven't had a chance," she mumbled. "There must be somebody who can give me what I want."

"Only me—because nobody else would ever know what went on in that silly head of yours. Look at the grand times we have together when you come off your high horse."

"I suppose I shouldn't be the first girl to accept the second-best," she sighed.

"That's the spirit," said Barty encouragingly. "Soon you won't even think about it."

"Well, don't let's talk about it any more to-night. I'd better finish these sketches before I fall asleep."

"Oh, they don't matter," he exclaimed breezily, and tore the last one off the board. "I'll hang them in my dressing-room when we're married. They'll remind me of lots of things."

She looked at him uncomprehendingly. He went on: "It did just occur to me that you might get under that fellow's skin. Your best style is so alarming—and, after all, he isn't as young as he was. So I invented this job."

"Where?" she asked—and this was all she could think of—"did you get the clothes?"

"I borrowed them," he said grandly. "You don't imagine you're the only smart girl I know."

There was a smut on her nose—and it filled him with excruciating delight. An expression which for years had been hidden behind a mocking grin came over his face—eager, tender, dear.

"Camilla, I adore you," he said. "And let me tell you something else—you really do love me. For the hundred and fiftieth time—when are we going to be married?"

She felt as if her body were bathed in a soothing fluid. She saw a tremendous light. Her own expression was different—softened and sincere. She envisaged the whole of her future—without Barty it would be an ugly farce.

"Oh, Barty," she exclaimed eagerly, "you've always been right about everything. Put your arms tight round me. The answer to all your questions is yes."

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RIVETS

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GENE TIERNEY

LOVELY GENE TIERNEY, who has made her reputation in dramatic roles for 20th Century-Fox in films like "Laura," "Whirlpool," and "Where the Sidewalk Ends," is making a switch to comedy. In Fox's "On the Riviera" she co-stars with Danny Kaye, and in Paramount's "The Mating Season" she appears with popular junior funnyman John Lund. In both films Gene is cast as an elegant socialite.

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The Last Time I Saw Paris DA1936
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Faust—Even Bravest Heart C3153

PETER DAWSON (Bass Baritone)
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The Cry of the Wild Goose B9913

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Conducted by Eugene Ormandy
Les Preludes *(Liszt)* LX1052/3

PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA
Conducted by Paul Kletzki
Leonora No. 3—Overture *(Beethoven)* LX1069/70

JENNIE TOUREL (Mezzo-Soprano)
Una Voce Poco Fa *(Rossini)* LX1075

LUIGI INFANTINO (Tenor)
Agnus Dei *(Bizet)*
Ignemisco from Requiem Mass *(Verdi)* LX1080

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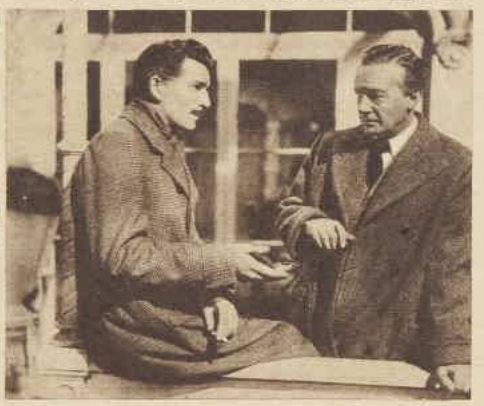
1 **ADVICE** is given to new patient Ashenden (Roland Culver) by Dr. Lennox (Andre Morell) in "Sanitarium," a film which depicts life of T.B. patients.

2 **MEETING** Evie Bishop (Jean Simmons), Ashenden, who imagines that sanitarium life is without variety, is surprised to find her gay and interesting although she has spent most of her life as a patient.

3 **UNHAPPY** because her husband, a patient, resents her good health, Mrs. Chester confides in Ashenden, who now sees sanitarium life is tinged with drama.



4 **OFFER** of a cigarette from another newcomer, Templeton (Michael Rennie), is refused by Ashenden. Patients are forbidden to smoke, but Templeton will not let disease put an end to his pleasures.

THREE-STORY FILM

5 **BICKERING** Scotsmen (Finlay Currie and John Laurie) are a source of amusement to the other patients.

FOUR short stories by Somerset Maugham proved successful film material in "Quartet." Now Gainsborough's "Trio," a film on the same principle, combines another selection of his short stories.

"Sanitarium" is one of these stories. The other two, "The Verger" and "Mr. Knowall," are in a lighter vein.

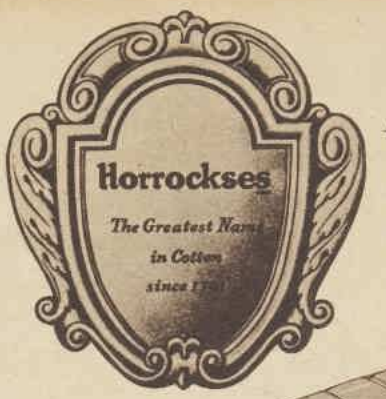
"The Verger" is a humorous account of a man who, having lost his job because he cannot read or write, buys a business and finds, when he eventually makes a fortune, that his illiteracy was a blessing in disguise.

In "Mr. Knowall" Maugham makes a caustic comment on boors by caricaturing them in the person of Max Kelada. Passengers on a pleasure cruise soon find that Kelada is a talkative egotist, but he is an expert in foiling all their attempts to avoid him. He, alone, enjoys the trip.

6 **ADVANCES** made by Templeton, who still desires a "good time," are rebuffed by Evie. But she is attracted to him.

7 **ATTRACTION** deepens between the pair as Templeton's casual interest turns into respect. Finding they are in love, they want to marry.

8 **AT WEDDING** of Templeton and Evie, Ashenden is best man. Dr. Lennox advises the couple not to marry, but they are determined to snatch brief happiness together although both know that Templeton has not long to live.



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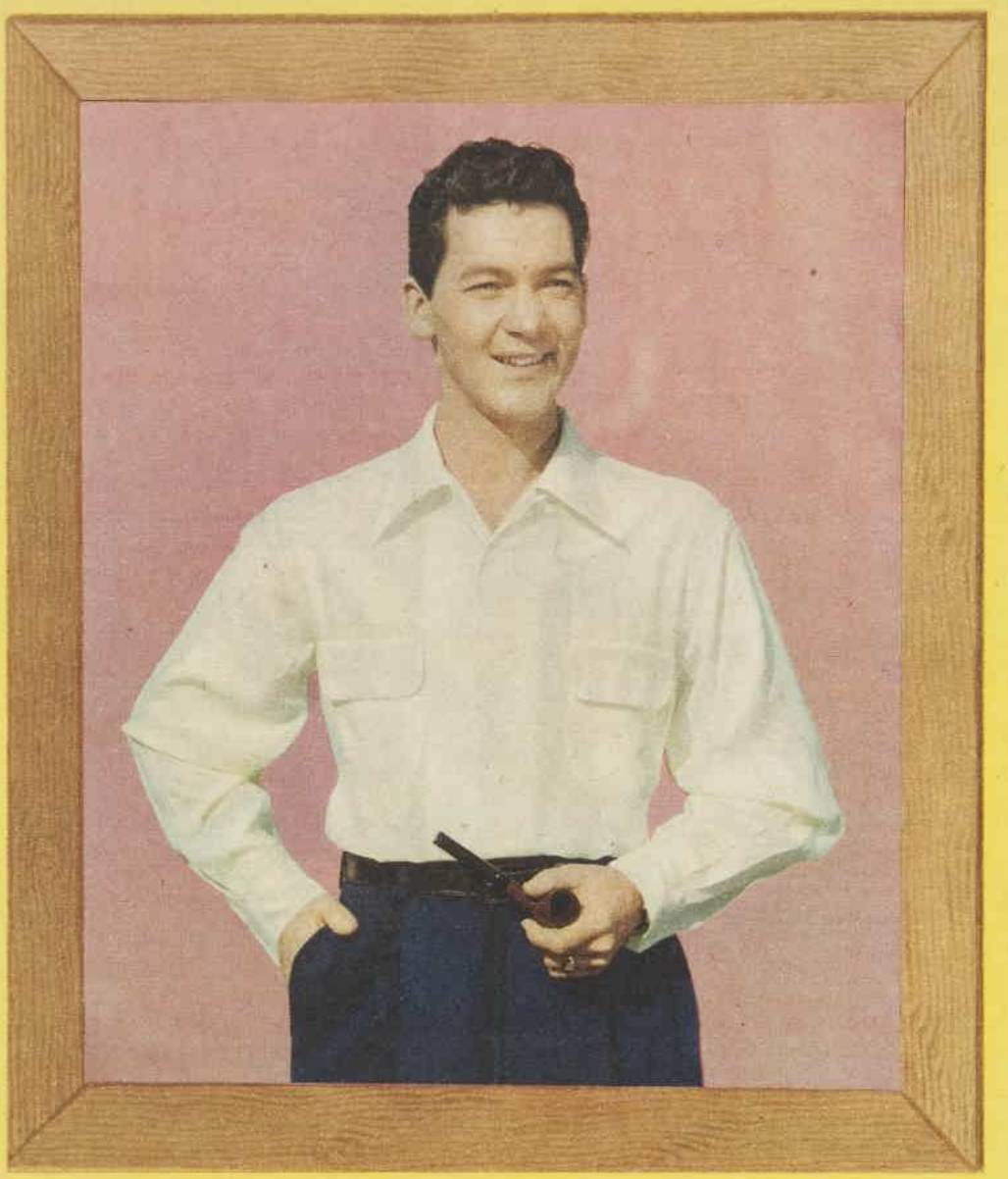

Country Club

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"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG" suggests itself as the best caption for this picture of Joan Crawford. Friends of the actress see a romantic revival in her recent appearances with swarthy actor Cesar Romero.

Romance takes lead among film folk

From HOLLYWOOD and LONDON

ROMANTIC rumors are at present running full speed in Hollywood. Lovely Marta Toren and Dr. Peter Lindstrom, ex-husband of Ingrid Bergman, seem to be finding a lot in common.

★ ★ ★

THE appearance of Joan Crawford with Cesar Romero at the premiere of "Operation Pacific" also caused a good deal of speculation, but nobody can tell whether it is friendship or love.

★ ★ ★

TWO other happy Hollywood couples are starlet Colleen Gray and director Stanley Rubin, who are announcing their engagement, and Doris Day and her fiance, Marty Melcher, who are planning a New Orleans and Florida honeymoon to follow their April wedding.

★ ★ ★

RECENTLY returned from a luxury holiday in Nassau, glamorous Sylvia and Clark Gable have taken off for a hunting trip to Oregon, with the Gable ranch there as headquarters.

★ ★ ★

STUDENTS at Hollywood's exclusive Chouinard Art Institute voted John Tracy, son of actor Spencer Tracy, their most promising and outstanding fellow student. John is a handsome 21-year-old youth who was born deaf.

★ ★ ★

HARD on the heels of the news that a seal is following Lassie and Francis, the talking mule, into the ranks of Hollywood stardom comes news that British producer Derrick De Marnay is looking for a black monkey to feature in a film he is planning.

PRETTY MONA FREEMAN is 24 years old and the mother of almost-four Mona, jun., but is looked upon by Hollywood as its little girl who never grows old.

DURING the first night of the stage version of "The Seventh Veil," Leo Genn accidentally brought a heavy stick down on Ann Todd's knees while she sat at the piano instead of pretending to hit her hands. Ann gave an unrehearsed screech of anguish and had to be carried to her dressing-room. A specialist was rushed to her and he told her not to continue her performance. Ann did and scored a great triumph in her first return to the stage in six years. Now nearly forty, she still played the early scenes as a pigtailed schoolgirl of fourteen with complete success.

★ ★ ★

FOLLOWING the rumor from Rome that stormy, dynamic Anna Magnani is to make a film written by surrealist Salvador Dali, in which she falls in love with a wheelbarrow, the joke floating round London is that Orson Welles is to play the wheelbarrow and has grown a beard and three wheels for the part.

★ ★ ★

BING CROSBY has now expanded his oil speculations into four States—Wyoming, Louisiana, Texas, and Oklahoma. Even Bob Hope has admitted defeat, and wisecracked, "I just can't keep up with the old boy!"

★ ★ ★

DIRECTOR Roy Boulting is the victim of his own film script. He wrote a screenplay based on the treachery of atom bomb scientist Klaus Fuchs, which is now being made with the co-operation of British Intelligence. Boulting has been taken in by the cloak-and-dagger theme of his brainchild. For making of this espionage mystery, Pinewood Studios have been shrouded in deepest mystery. Studio police keep visitors off the set and journalists have been handed "keep out" signals. One would think they had a couple of sample atom bombs on the set.

★ ★ ★

MAURICE CHEVALIER said of his film "Le Roi: "This is my last film." Since then he has made "Ma Pomme," which he also said was his last film, but now Billy Wilder has tempted Maurice back to Hollywood for yet another film. It will be his first trip back to Hollywood for filming in nearly 20 years.

These 3 smart usherettes say

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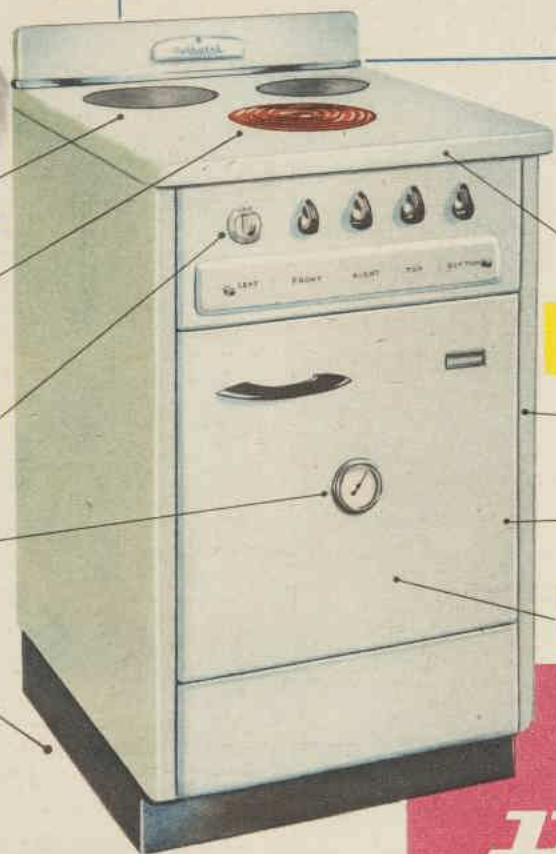

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● *A mixture of savory and sweet foods; piping hot, refreshing tea; long, cool drinks for the very thirsty; and a shady spot add up to a successful tennis party.*

AFTERNOON TEA dishes illustrated include date gems, lemon mist cake, orange sultana loaf, ginger cream snaps, and novel savory squares.

TENNIS TEA

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

THE afternoon tea dishes illustrated look very tempting and they are surprisingly easy and simple to prepare.

Remember, all spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

SAVORY SQUARES

One sandwich-loaf cut into slices barely ½in. thick, 1 small tin baked beans, 1 small thin cucumber, 2 or 3 small tomatoes, ¼lb. salami, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 tin sardines, stuffed olives, melted butter, salt, pepper, parsley.

Trim crusts from bread, cut into squares 2in. to 2½in. in size. Brush top and sides with melted butter, place on greased oven-tray. Bake in hot oven until crisp and lightly browned. Allow to become cold. Complete savories by adding the following toppings:—

1. Baked beans with a thin slice of cucumber.
2. Slice of salami with slice of tomato, dusting of salt and pepper.
3. Slice of tomato with a thick topping of grated cheese; dusting of salt and pepper.
4. Two sardines separated with rings of sliced olives.

Serve on flat tray, garnish with parsley.

DATE GEMS

One and a half cups plain flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup chopped dates, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in shortening, add sugar, dates, and lemon rind. Fold in beaten egg-yolk mixed with milk, then, lastly, stiffly beaten egg-white. Three-quarters fill hot, greased gem-irons. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) approximately 12 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, split and butter when cold.

LEMON MIST CAKE

Six ounces butter or other shortening, 8oz. castor sugar, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 3 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup milk.

Cream shortening, sugar, and lemon rind. Add eggs one at a time and beat well. Fold in sifted flours and salt alternately with milk. Turn into greased 9in. round or square tin, base lined with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) about 1½ hours. When quite cold, frost and decorate as follows:

Frosting: Two egg-whites, 1¾ cups sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, green coloring.

Place egg-whites, sugar, and water into a basin and beat over boiling water 12 to 14 minutes or until sugar is dissolved and frosting is thick, smooth, and white. Remove from heat, continue beating until frosting holds its shape. Add lemon juice. Spread over top of cake, swirling with broad-bladed knife. Add green coloring to balance of frosting and spread round sides of cake. When set, mix a small quantity of soft butter-icing with cocoa and pipe crossed racquets on the top.

ORANGE SULTANA LOAF

Two tablespoons butter or other shortening, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup minced peel, ½ cup sultanas, 2 cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk.

Cream shortening and sugar with orange rind. Add egg, beat well. Fold in peel and sultanas, then sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 45 to 50 minutes. Slice and butter when cold.

GINGER CREAM SNAPS

Four ounces golden syrup (1-3rd cup), 4oz. sugar, 4oz. butter or other shortening, 4oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, pinch salt, pinch cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, whipped cream.

Warm syrup, sugar, and butter over low heat until butter is melted. Mix well. Stir into sifted flour, ginger, salt, and cream of tartar. Add lemon juice. Drop on to lightly greased scone tray from a teaspoon, allowing no more than 2 or 3 snaps to a tray to allow room for mixture to spread freely. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Allow to stand for a minute or two, then loosen each one with a spatula or flexible knife-blade and roll around greased handle of wooden spoon. Slip off and cool on cake-cooler. When quite cold fill with whipped cream.

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

Six ounces butter or other shortening, scant ¾ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs, 1 cup mixed fruit, 2 tablespoons chopped peel, 2 cups plain flour, ½ teaspoon each nutmeg, cinnamon, and spice, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 4 tablespoons milk, 1oz. blanched almonds.

Cream shortening, sugar, and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beat well after each addition. Fold in fruit and peel, then sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Turn into 7in. cake-tin lined with one layer of greased paper. Sprinkle top with split blanched almonds. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 1½ to 2 hours. Remove from tin, leave paper on until cake is cold. Top may be iced with coconut icing if liked.

FRUIT CRUNCHIES

Four ounces butter or other shortening, ¾ cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, 1¼ cups plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 cups prepared breakfast cereal, 1 cup mixed fruit, 2 tablespoons shredded peel.

Cream shortening and sugar with lemon juice and grated rind. Add beaten eggs a little at a time and mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, then cereal, fruit, and peel. Drop in small rough heaps, about 1 teaspoonful at a time, on to greased oven trays. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) for 8 to 10 minutes. Cool on trays, store in airtight tin until required.

THE BEST RESULTS for all Scones, Cakes and Pastries are assured with AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.

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AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

REPRESENTATIVE IN AUSTRALIA FOR THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON COMPANY LTD., ENGLAND

APRICOT AND RICE CREAM, smooth and satisfying, will be a popular dessert. See prize-winning recipe on this page.

Winning favorites

This week's main prize of £5 is awarded to a delicious cold dessert of almond-flavored rice cream topped with stewed apricots, marshmallows, and nuts.

A CONSOLATION prize goes to a smooth velvety chocolate sauce, which keeps well in ice-chest or refrigerator and can be kept on hand for serving with ice-cream, short-cakes, etc.

Honey spice cookies, ideal for morning and afternoon teas and the lunch-boxes, also win a prize this week.

Your "family favorites" may win you handsome cash prizes.

Simply write your entries clearly on one side of the paper only. Attach name and address, including State, to each page and send to Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

All spoon measurements in these recipes are level. The task of judging is made easier if level spoon measurements are used in entries submitted.

APRICOT AND RICE CREAM

Two pints milk, 8 tablespoons rice, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, few drops almond essence, cooked apricots (fresh, dried, or tinned), 2 or 3oz. marshmallows, nuts to decorate.

Heat milk, add well-washed rice and sugar, stir until sugar is dissolved. Place lid on pan and cook over very gentle heat, stirring frequently, until rice is soft and mixture thickened. Separate eggs, stir beaten yolks into rice mixture. Stir over gentle heat 1 to 2 minutes. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, flavor with almond essence. Fill into serving dish, top with apricots and marshmallows. Decorate with nuts and serve with whipped cream, or substitute. Serves six.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Sparkes, 45 Thorrold St., Wooloowin N.3, Brisbane.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Half-pint water, ¾ cup sugar, 2oz. dark chocolate or 3 teaspoons cocoa, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Blend cornflour (and cocoa if used) with a little of the water. Place sugar and balance of water in saucepan, bring to boiling point and simmer 5 minutes. Stir in roughly chopped chocolate, then blended cornflour. Bring again to boiling point, stirring constantly, simmer 3 minutes. Flavor with vanilla, allow to cool.

Note: Double quantity may be prepared and stored in ice-chest or refrigerator for future use.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. J. Hobson, 6 Seaforth Crescent, Seaforth, N.S.W.

SPICED HONEY COOKIES

Two ounces butter or other solid type shortening, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup honey, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 6oz. self-raising flour, ¾ cup chopped peanuts or mixed nuts.

Cream shortening and sugar, add well-beaten egg, mix well. Fold in honey and nuts, and lastly sifted flour, cinnamon, and salt. Drop a teaspoonful at a time on to greased oven slide, leaving sufficient room for a little spreading. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 10 to 15 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, store in airtight tin.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. M. White, Morven P.O., via Culcairn, N.S.W.

MENU MAGIC . . .

TRY thick tomato slices, dusted with curry powder and topped with a generous layer of grated cheese, then grilled or baked with meat towards the end of cooking time. They pair well with chicken, too.

* * *

GRATED cheese mixed with finely chopped mint and a little salad-dressing makes an excellent sandwich spread.

* * *

THE addition of marjoram to any egg or cheese dish is a subtle flavor variation, but be cautious, add just enough to tantalise.

A SAUCY suggestion for ice-cream or fruit whip—combine equal parts of orange juice and honey, and boil to a light caramel (when it forms a soft ball in cold water). Use this caramel orange sauce hot or cold.

* * *

HAVE you tried a sliced orange and onion salad with seasoned cold lamb or veal? With sliced cold duck it is something special.

* * *

FOR a low-cost de-luxe dinner sweet, scoop a little from the centre of hot gingerbread patty cakes and fill with sweetened apple pulp. Serve topped with whipped cream or substitute, or custard.

EVEN BLINDFOLD you can pick these delicious flavours!

6 KRAFT MEAT PASTES – WITH THAT TASTIER FLAVOUR!

1. Chicken & Ham
2. Turkey & Tongue
3. Hamette
4. Ham & Tongue
5. Devilled Ham
6. Ham Pate

And–

KRAFT FISH PASTES – IN A WIDE VARIETY OF SEA FOOD FLAVOURS!

These same delicious Kraft Fish Pastes are also available in 1 oz. tins. The Meat Pastes also come in 1½ oz. tins under the famous Red Feather label.

KRAFT DELICIOUS PASTES

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CHEMISTS RECOMMEND

portex Plastic Skin

for ALL MINOR SKIN INJURIES

Skinned Knuckles, Abrasions, Scratches, Grazes, Blistered Heels.

Made in England by Portland Plastics Ltd.

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LUX... *So safe!*

Those tiny Lux diamonds give such fast, gentle suds . . . keeps dainty garments lovely so much longer

Wishes do come true!

Ever wish you had two pairs of new stockings instead of just one? Here's a way to make your wish come true! Tests prove that Lux care makes one pair last as long as two. Play safe, with Lux, and dip your stockings when you take them off.

A fitting Trousseau piece —

or a pretty understudy for your sheerest party frock! Whether you choose rayon, satin or fabulous nylon, your undies demand the same beauty care: a gentle Lux dip after wearing. Lux is safe for dainty fabrics, safe for hands . . . keeps colours flower-fresh *three times as long.*

It leads a Double life —

("Sunflower" tube top and bolero — one of the many garments in the 1951 Lux Book). Salutes the sun, goes dancing after dark. So easy to knit, so easy to keep lovable — with Lux. But don't risk harsh-soap hazards! Lux care keeps *all* your woollies soft and snug.

It's bigger than ever, it's better than ever!

THE 1951 Lux Book

Here they are — the knitting patterns you've been tramping town to find — the really *wanted* woollies that the other books forgot! All the garments you need for *all* the members of the family, from the tinies to the teens . . . from the career girl to the style-wise older woman.

. . . and it's crammed to the covers with exciting news for knitters.

HOW TO GET YOUR LUX BOOK

The 1951 Lux Book is available NOW (at a special price with 2 packets of Lux) from your usual store. Don't miss out on the knitting book of the year — get your Lux Book today.

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FRECKLES

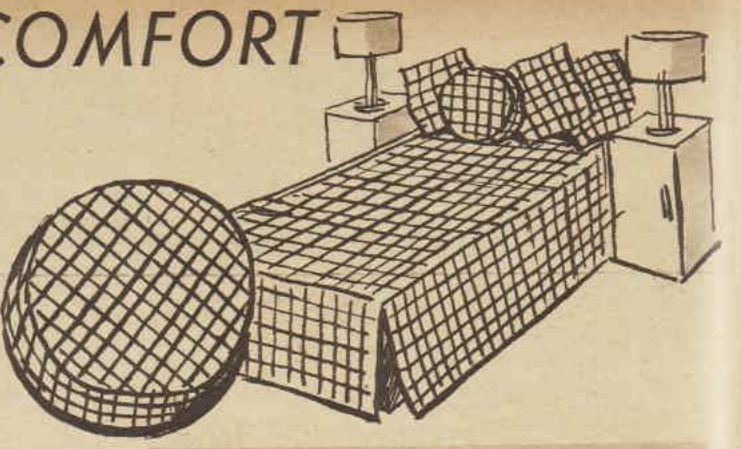
Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles—while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling. Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers, simply get an ounce of **Kintho** — *double strength* — from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the *double-strength* **Kintho**, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

CUSHION COMFORT

• Anyone who can sew a seam can make all the decorative cushions needed for their home and at about one-third the cost of those you buy. You can make them in diverse shapes, in lovely and unusual color combinations from any kind of fabric. Study the sketches shown on this page, then follow the directions and you'll make attractive, professional-looking cushions for living-room, sunroom, and bedroom.



The tailored bedroom look

A SUGGESTION for the tailored bedroom is shown in this idea. Checked cotton is used for the very simple spread, and matching cushions in varied shapes decorate the head of the bed. A round cushion with a box finish, to give a square appearance, is featured.

The box cushion made in the dominant color of the cotton would also be effective. In addition to a check fabric other interesting colors may be used, and with trimly tailored lines some of the dramatic color contracts can be introduced.

Two calico circles are cut out first and a straight, three-inch wide strip of material, the length of the circumference of the circles, plus an inch for the hem. Join the strip and sew to one of the circles, then sew to the other circle, leaving an opening for filling.

Make the cover in the same manner, and if you want a piping finish, insert bias binding in the seam and thread with cord after joining.

A square box-type cushion is made in the same way, but with rectangles of material instead of circles.

For divan or settee

FOR the settee or divan in living-room or sunroom the simple tailored type of cushion is best. Start by making a foundation cushion from two pieces of material exactly the same size—either square or oblong in shape. Join three sides by machine and turn inside out. Pack tightly with flock, kapok, or other filling, and sew the remaining seam by hand. This is the foundation or body cushion.

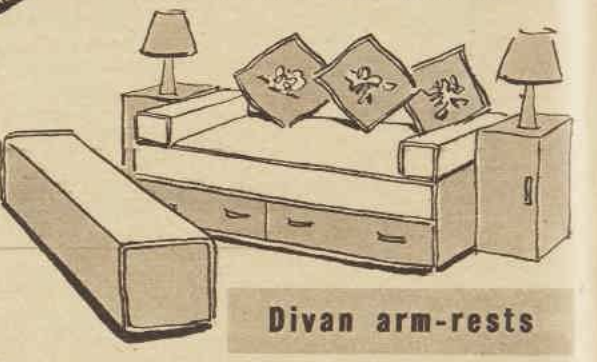
Cover: As most of these cushions are to be covered completely with carpet binding or webbing, calico or any strong fabric can be used for the cover. Cut each cover piece half an inch larger than the body or foundation cushion, but do not join the two pieces together until trimming is applied.

Trimming: Any color and any width of prettily patterned carpet binding can be used to decorate the covers—matching, of course, the color scheme of your room.

Cut binding or webbing into required lengths, stitch down neatly, slightly overlapping each length to completely cover the cushion.

Trim the edges by cutting, then join three sides (on wrong side), turn inside out, insert foundation cushion, and sew remaining seam by hand.

A gay effect can be made by weaving one color with another to make a check design, or just bold stripes are effective.



Divan arm-rests

LONG, square-sided cushions make very attractive armrests for a divan, and they are not so hard to make as you may imagine. The foundation cover can be made of calico or any other strong fabric. You will need two squares for ends and four pieces of material (all the same in size) for the four sides. Cut these pieces one inch longer (to allow for the hem) than the width of your divan, and each piece must be the same width as the end squares.

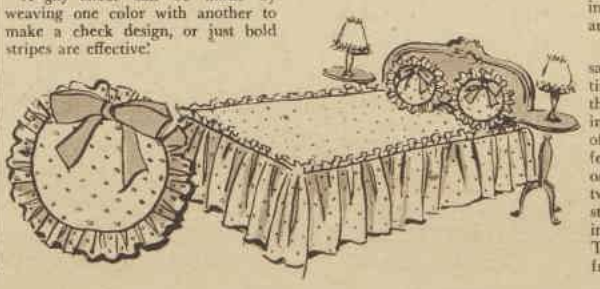
Sew these pieces together, leaving room to turn inside out and for the filling operation. Hand sew the opening and be sure you fill well so this cushion will keep shape.

The outside cover should be made in the same material as the upholstery and an insert piping of the material sewn around seams will be a neat finish. Leave a small opening in the piping and run a strong cord through it to add firmness to contour.

The feminine bedroom

ROUND, bow - trimmed baby cushions in the feminine bedroom are very popular. You can trim with lace, bows, tucks, or frill-edging if you so desire. Again, the calico foundation cushion is made. This time make two complete circles of material and stitch together, leaving an opening for the filling. Fill and sew the opening by hand.

The cover should be made in the same material as the bedspread, cutting out two slightly larger circles than the calico ones. Before stitching them together make a long strip of frilling (three times the circumference of the cushion) and gather on to one of the circles. With the two right sides of the cover facing, stitch together, but leave room to insert the cushion. Finish by hand. Take care that you leave the frilling free in the joining process.



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FOR SKI-ING, hiking, or yachting, this cunning little cap (above) will be a welcome companion.

FLATTERING new evening blouse for beguiling youth is shown (left). Knit it in the coming season's smart evening shades.

Our 1951 Knitting Book

If you wish to make—and wear with pride and chic—the season's smartest handknits, The Australian Women's Weekly 1951 Knitting Book is just the thing you need.

WE present designs from leading overseas fashion-houses — designs that will delight children, teenagers, matrons, and the sporting enthusiast.

The teenager will love the intriguing new fashion points that are emphasised for day, evening, and sports wear.

Matrons and men will appreciate the styled comfort for winter months.

Children's garments have received special attention. All designs are illustrated in rich color and in rotogravure with complete directions for making.

You are advised to secure your copy of The Australian Women's Weekly 1951 Knitting Book now.

Price is 2/- at your newsagent or bookseller.

RIVER-BANK GARDEN WINS PRIZE

JUDGING by the many pictures sent us by Mrs. C. B. Hughes, of Riverview Drive, Chelmer, Brisbane, it would be worth a trip up the Brisbane River to see her beautiful terraced garden with its 90 feet of water frontage.

The sectional view shown at right wins £2/2/- for Mrs. Hughes in our garden picture contest. Here is her story:

"Just over two years ago we moved into our new home, and during this period I have laid out and planted the whole of the garden, containing more than 150 trees and shrubs, exclusive of privets that line three boundaries.

"The 90ft. frontage on the river-bank is entirely covered with mesembryanthemums, red, pink, blue verbenas, and Red Gleam nasturtiums.

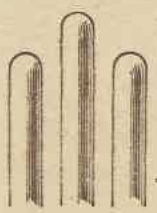
MORE THAN 1000 SQUARE FEET of massed color decorates the bank of the Brisbane River at the water-frontage home of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hughes, Riverview Drive, Chelmer, Brisbane.

"It took about thirty tons of rock to build the terraces at one end of the site. The stone was gathered from the river's edge, broken up, transported entirely by hand, and placed in position by my husband and myself.

"We have also laid concrete paths, built our garage, and partially completed a patio—quite a good effort for grandparents, don't you think?"

Each week a prize of £2/2/- is offered for the best snapshot of a home garden, with a 200-word description of the work done on it.

Forward entries to "Home Gardener," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



ROUND-ENDED BRISTLES

ENABLE YOU TO BRUSH GUMS AS WELL AS TEETH

Old, ordinary knife-end bristles

New, round-ended Wisdom bristles

We all know we should brush our gums! But have you ever tortured yourself with an ordinary toothbrush . . . drawn blood when you tried to brush-stimulate your gums?

With a Wisdom tooth-and-gum brush you can brush your gums with comfort! Because *each* bristle on *every* Wisdom toothbrush has a specially rounded end.

Rounded ends are smooth against your gums. Try a Wisdom straight away. Tone up the tissues. Feel how your gums become firm.

Wisdom's arrangement of the bristles also ensures the most thorough cleansing of your teeth.

WISDOM GIVES YOU ROUNDED ENDS

BRUSH . . . UP . . . YOUR . . . SMILE . . .

WITH THE BRUSH FOR TEETH AND GUMS

Wisdom

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How far does a woman's opinion count with the man she loves?

It's fairly easy for a woman to influence a man's choice in neck-ties or sports-shoes or in little personal habits. But it would be interesting to know how many readers of this magazine sway their men's bigger decisions.

The best type of Australian is now enlisting in the Citizen Military Forces. A woman can let such a man know how proud she is of his willingness to defend her. She can encourage others to follow his example. Her opinion counts for a great deal.

From the woman's point of view, the more men who enlist in the C.M.F. the greater her security in the world of 1951. From the man's angle, service with the C.M.F. calls for only 14 days of training camp each year, and the equivalent of 12 days' home training, mostly in night parades. The C.M.F. equips him to play his part as a seasoned member, not a raw recruit, in what may be the A.I.F. of the future. It gives him the vital training that often saves a soldier's life. Training that may one day save the life of the man who is near and dear to *you*.

It is therefore the duty of all Australian women to encourage rather than hinder their menfolk in taking this important step.

Preparedness for war is the best assurance of peace

You can be *proud* of a man who is willing to defend you

Issued by the Government of the Commonwealth of Australia.

WM3.145.21.

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How many people wear dentures?

A personal question! Yet it is safe to say that a large percentage of Australians do wear either complete or partial dentures. Many elderly people leave their teeth in "STERADENT" solution overnight. Younger ones and those with partial sets find that "STERADENT" works equally well during the time they bathe or dress. "STERADENT" removes all stains, film, and food deposits, and is harmless to all denture materials, including the new acrylics.

Sold by Chemists only

Steradent

Cleans and sterilizes every type of denture

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MASSAGE YOUR SCALP WITH KOKO

SEE YOUR HAIR SHINE WITH HEALTH !

The famous hair treatment—free from oil, grease, dye.

Ask your chemist for

KOKO

— FOR THE HAIR

Sold everywhere in bottles and tubes

Shu-Milk

THE PERFECT WHITE SHOE CLEANER

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DANDRUFF?

Scalp dry after curling? Troubled with dandruff? Use Potter's Dandruff Soap—acts immediately, like a charm. Safe, pleasant, antiseptic. Keeps hair clean, healthy, lustrous. Try it.

Potter's Dandruff Soap

AT ALL CHEMISTS ONLY

Cyanide for Supper

Continued from page 5

LEAVING Mrs. Barbour, Grogan went to his office. It was mid-afternoon by the time he got through with airline offices and talking to the C.I.B. in Melbourne, and made his way to Phipps' place at the foot of the steps.

As he pushed open the gate Phipps was coming down the path. He had an air of purpose supplied by the old nautical spy-glass under his arm. An overseas liner was due shortly and how, without Andy's gaze from the water front, would she get through the Heads?

Grogan said: "Just a moment, Mr. Phipps," and closed the gate the old man was making for.

"Eh?" Andy stared at him.

"What was it you went to see Heatherington about a few nights ago?"

A chance shot but did it find the target!

"Eh?" he said again, but only to gain time, clearly, because he didn't wait for an answer. "What did I go for?"

"That's what I said."

Phipps said slowly: "I didn't go for anything special."

"I thought you said you hardly knew Heatherington?"

"I didn't, either. I just happened to be passing—taking a stroll in the park there—and I remembered he lived near and just dropped in."

"I see. Like that, was it? Well, if you just dropped in casually, what did you and he have high words about?"

"High words? I don't know what you mean." The lizard lids were fixed now above the blank gaze.

"Don't you? You had a bit of a barney with him, didn't you?"

Not that it mattered. He reckoned he knew what the old man had gone for—now that he knew he'd gone.

"No, I did not have any barney."

"My information is you did."

"Well, its wrong." Andy polished the brass of the telescope on his sleeve. "We were talking about—" there was a just perceptible pause "—politics."

Grogan smiled. Not a bad get-out.

"O.K.," he said. "Your daughter in?"

"Yes, she's in."

The inspector passed him on the path and went on up to the house.

Veronica came out of her bedroom at his knock. In an elaborately simple summer frock and hat she was on the point of leaving for town—shopping — tea with friends, running around — anything that was distant from this run-down mouldering old place where circumstances had forced her to alight.

She went ahead of Grogan into the drawing-room, glancing ostentatiously at the watch on her wrist.

For all her withdrawn expression, something in her face told him that she was aware of what he'd come to say, and she stood without comment as he recounted what she knew—her plane trip to Melbourne, Heatherington following her by plane the same afternoon, their return together on the same plane a few days later.

He ended, dropping his notebook back into his pocket. "And while in Melbourne, you and the deceased stopped at a small private hotel on St. Kilda Road. That's so, isn't it?"

"That's exactly so," she said brightly. "Yes, he and I were there at the same time, but there was nothing in it, of course."

"Look, Mrs. Rawlings, you stay with a man at a hotel in another city for the best part of a week. Not the hotel where you and your husband usually stay, but a little out of the way place where nobody knows you. Are you really going to maintain that there was nothing in it? You and the deceased—"

"Listen," she said, "I stayed at that wretched place because I was hard-up, and so was he. But anything in it — what rubbish! And what would it have to do with his death, anyhow! In love with him or not, the last thing I wanted was for Eddie to die. He was the one bright spot anywhere. Even having no money and staying at a cheap pub seemed quite amusing when Eddie was there."

Grogan let her simmer down, then he said: "You got back from Melbourne the day Mrs. Gaiford was taken ill with her heart attack, didn't you?"

"Yes. My plane got in at three. I went to see her before dinner. I thought she didn't look at all well, and in the night she collapsed."

"Did she know you'd been to Melbourne? Did she ask about the trip?"

"Of course. She knew I'd gone over there to see an old school friend of mine."

"Did she know Heatherington had been there, too?"

Veronica stared back at him and her face seemed to have stiffened. "I don't know. I haven't any idea."

"You haven't, eh? Well now, Mrs. Gaiford was ill for close on a week. During that week, did you see much of Heatherington?"

"No," she said, looking down at her plump hands with their brilliant fingertips. "When I got back there were too many people to see and things to be done."

"Then you didn't see him?"

"No."

"Not at all?"

"Well . . ." Her eyes, lifted to his, might have been trying to find out how much more he knew. She said slowly: "I saw him once. One night we had dinner together, early, before he went to the theatre."

"Which night was that?"

"Two or three nights ago."

"Who suggested the meeting?"

"He did, of course. I ran into him by chance, in the street."

"Did he have something special to discuss with you?"

"Something special?"

"Yes. For instance, did he tell you during dinner that he was thinking of marrying Mrs. Gaiford?"

"What? Eddie marry my Aunt Margaretta?"

"That's what I said." Was the idea new to her or wasn't it?

"Who ever suggested such a thing?"

"She did, for one."

"I don't believe it."

"On the very day of her collapse. A few hours before he and you got back from Melbourne. She mentioned the subject in the presence of Mr. Jennings and Miss Wynne. Your husband was there, too. Didn't he ever speak of it to you?"

"Never. I don't suppose he took it seriously for a moment."

"I don't know about that. I reckon she might've been sort of trying it out on her friends. Mr. Freeman was there, too, and Klinger, this fellow that massages her."

"Nonsense. It can only have been a joke. She often says extravagant things like that. As though to suggest that she's perfectly well and can lead a normal life, when everyone knows how uncertain her life is. And anyhow, if she had been such a fool as to think of marrying a man fifteen years younger than herself, Eddie would simply have laughed at her."

Please turn to page 58

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 5000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

POPULARITY FOR YOU!

A girl's popularity depends largely on her appearance and rest for life. A blotchy skin, poor complexion, and that "worn out" look rob her of good health and fun. These may be the symptoms of constipation which can be banished quickly and easily by taking Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills on going to bed.

These gentle laxative pills are made from vegetable ingredients only and are ideal for all the family. Dr. Morse's Pills act gently while you sleep undisturbed.

Save money, buy the larger bottle to-day and feel fit again to-morrow.

Safe—effective—economical

DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS

START NOW TO Enjoy Life

as they did in the "Golden Age"

The "Golden Age" evokes a picture of days when men and women were not—as now—worn out by the worry and rush of modern life . . . were not "nervy," irritable, prematurely deprived of their zest for living.

Too many of us, to-day, have depleted our reserves of youthful energy. In unique 'Sanatogen,' organic phosphorus and protein are combined in a manner that the body can absorb, to help give back these vital reserves. That is why a course of 'Sanatogen' is the finest restorative yet discovered—an opinion endorsed in writing by more than 25,000 doctors! *The few shillings' cost of 'Sanatogen' is infinitesimal when balanced against the priceless value of good health to enjoy life!* At your chemist: PRICES—4/9, 8/1, 15/3, 25/2.

Start a course of

'SANATOGEN'

Reg. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC FOOD

The only tonic which restores to the system the food your nerves need.

SN.27.10

British Chemicals & Biologicals Pty. Ltd., 66 to 72 Reservoir Street, Sydney.

What do you know about STRAW HATS?

Here are 10 types of straw used in hats. Do you know where they come from? Answers on page 60.

1. Ballibuntal.
2. Leghorn.
3. Crinoline.
4. Panama.
5. Sisal.
6. Baku.
7. Kalutara.
8. Racello.
9. Peanut straw.
10. Raffia.

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in Shirts

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- Cannot shrink
- Cannot fade
- Easy to iron

Whites · Pastels · Stripes G52

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"NORAH".—A smart blouse, featuring the ever popular shirtmaker style with unusual pocket finish. The material is the good wearing rayon crepe-de-chine and the choice of colors includes white, pale blue, and pale pink.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 38/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 26/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 27/9. Postage 1/6 extra.

"VERONICA".—A charming blouse, featuring dainty tie neckline with new front design. The material is the good wearing rayon crepe-de-chine, and the color choice includes white, pale blue, and pale pink.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/9. Postage 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 25/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 27/11. Postage 1/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Fashion Frocks are sent by registered post.

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This dainty set is traced ready to embroider in heavy cream Irish linen and sheer linen in white, blue, pink, and green; also a British cotton in pastel shades of green, pink, blue, and lemon. Sizes: Traycloth 11 x 17in., price, linen 4/6, cotton 3/6, and 4½d. postage. Serviette 11 x 11in., price, linen 1/3, cotton 1/-, and postage 3d.

No. 777.—APRON.
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Trim shirt and button-on pants feature this smart boy's outfit. The material is cotton in blue, grey, maize, green and cream. Separate colors may be ordered for pants and shirt. They are cut out ready to make yourself. Sizes: Length 18in., 2yrs., price 24/11, postage 1/3; length 19in., 3yrs., price 18/3, postage 1/3; length 20in., 4yrs., price 17/3, postage 1/6; length 23in., 5-6yrs., price 17/11, postage 1/6.

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● *Send your orders for Fashion Frocks and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at address given for your State on page 63. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide.*

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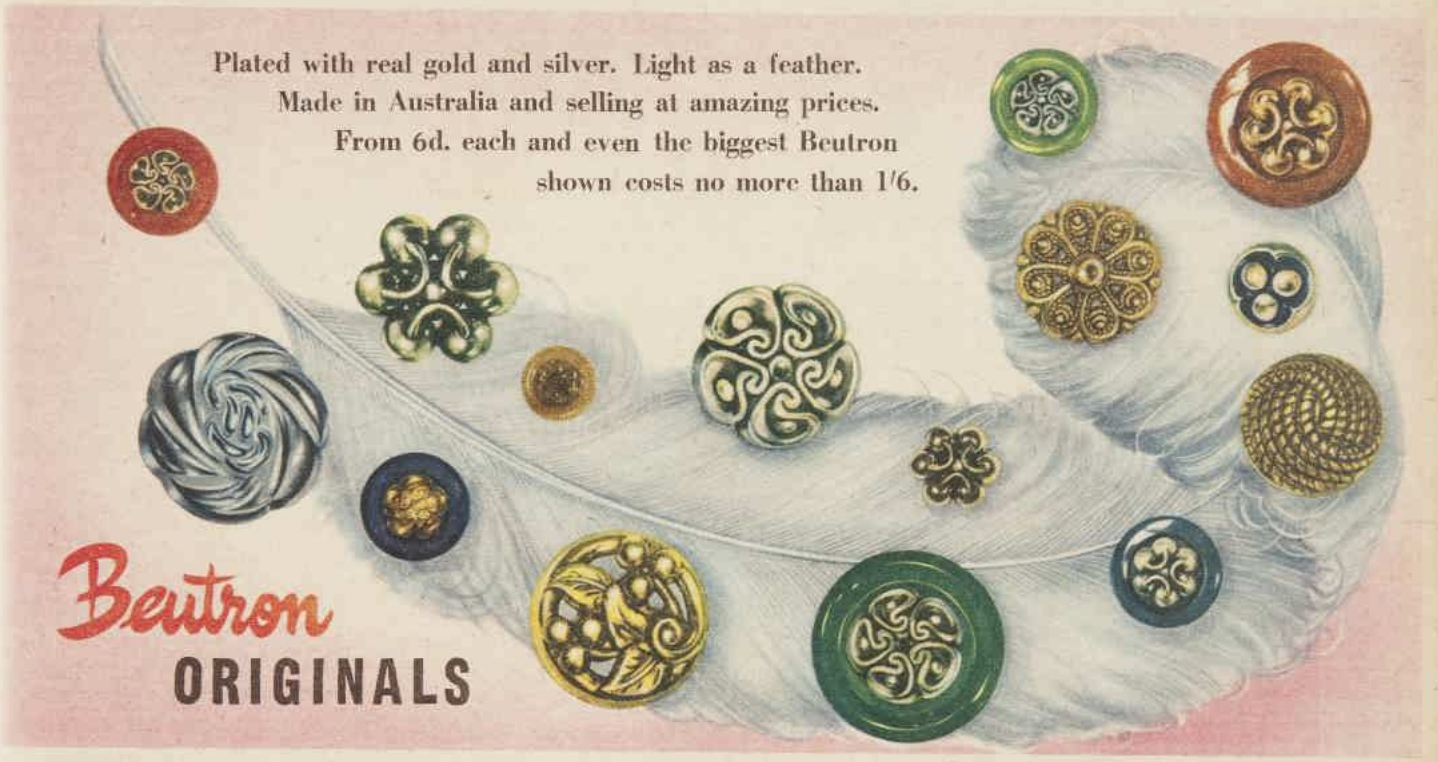

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

Cyanide for Supper

Continued from page 55

THE front door opened and Clive came along the hall and into the sitting-room. He had clearly lunched well and at length.

He waved a hand to the inspector and went across and kissed Veronica expansively. She didn't show the usual signs of irritation at this assault on her make-up, but took his hand as it rested heavily on her shoulder.

She said: "Darling, the inspector's been asking all about Eddie and me being in Melbourne together—or, rather, at the same time."

Clive said breezily: "So what, pet? What about it?"

She laughed. "What about it! Aren't you going to defend my honor?"

He straightened up and turned to Grogan. "Come off it, old son. My wife and Eddie!" and laughed boisterously. "Who's been kidding you along with that idea?"

"Did you know that they flew to Melbourne on the same day?"

"I did."

"Did you know that while there they stayed at the same small hotel?"

"Of course I did. As a matter of fact——" he was searching for cigarettes, feeling in the pockets of the light summer suit that already fitted him a bit snugly. "As a matter of fact," he said again, "I asked Eddie to give her a run round while they were there."

"You didn't think it might've been bad for your wife's reputation if it became known that she'd been staying over there alone with him?"

"Look, Inspector, it's a pity you didn't know Eddie before he died. He was much more impressive as a corpse. Alive, he was as harmless as a lamb. He could sit about on women's beds at midnight and no one'd bat an eyelid."

Suddenly he frowned. "But I say, what is all this? I thought it was Mrs. Gaiford that somebody tried to bump off and that Eddie's getting the stuff was just his luck?"

Grogan looked at him for quite a while, but Clive's answering gaze was steady.

Later that afternoon, back at Headquarters, Grogan, sitting at his desk, was going over his notes with Manning, trying to fit together the pieces of the puzzle.

Manning said, "If you could make up your mind which one was the intended victim—the old girl or Heatherington—you might find it a bit easier to spot the killer."

"Well, if it was Heatherington you can wash out Adams and the girl Wynne."

"And Freeman," Manning agreed reluctantly.

"And Barbour, his landlady."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because I'll take a shade of odds that I was the first one to let her know that her pet boy was double crossing her. To-day now, if he walked in there she might try to murder him, but a couple days ago ——"

"All right, wash her out."

"If it was the old girl Gaiford they were after it wasn't Klinger."

"That's right. She was too good a sucker. A bit of hot air and back-slapping at a guinea a go."

"If it comes to that, a lot of people sponge on her but don't love her any too much."

Manning said hopelessly: "Yes . . . H'm . . . The only one that had access to cyanide was Heatherington himself, at his brother's shop."

"That's right."

A constable appeared at the door. "Will you see a young lady, sir? The name's Wynne."

. . . . . .

Susan's day, till that moment when she walked into the inspector's office, had been a sort of nightmare. It had had that feeling that you have in bad dreams when everything that's happening to you is horrible, but inescapable.

Coloring the whole day was her first conscious thought—the disappearance of the cyanide from her room last night and what, if anything, she should do about it.

The morning air was heavy. The sky, like a roof of grey slate, threatened thunder. Margaretta's manner, too, Susan thought, was subtly threatening.

Hearing Susan in the bathroom she raised her voice: "Have breakfast with me, darling. I'll tell Una to bring your tray in here."

"Good. Yes, I will."

So the double nightmare quality began: saying yes, feeling no, no, no!

Sitting by the window in Margaretta's bedroom, sipping her tea, trying to eat her toast, Susan heard, as though through a fog, Margaretta's rapid false chatter. Margaretta was still in bed, briskly getting through a not-too-invalidish breakfast.

Please turn to page 59

If it's a chill wind, keep comfortable in a . . .

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Cyanide for Supper

Continued from page 58

ON and on Margaretta's voice went: "Such a lot of things to see to, darling, before Tuesday. This frightful tragedy has put everything out of our minds. But now we must gather up the strings and start to live again, try to put poor Eddie's death behind us. I can see that that inspector realises he has very little hope of getting to the root of it. I think—well, you know what I think . . ."

Susan's cup went down with a rattle. "What do you mean?"

"No, I'm not going to say it again. Don't let us go on. No use airing our suspicions. Once you're married and not around here shedding your enchantment on everyone!" She smiled across at Susan glitteringly. "You're pale, darling. You're tired, I expect. All such a strain for you. Did you sleep well last night?"

The kind of question that people were always asking each other, but this morning Susan felt with a shiver of fear that Margaretta knew the answer; had heard her leaving the flat or coming back; or even perhaps that feverish but stealthy search for the missing tin.

"I slept very well, thanks," she answered as calmly as she could.

"Good. That's a pretty little morning frock you've got on. Such a cool shade of blue." She turned back to the tray, to her grapefruit and her grilled whiting, her hot roll and china tea. "Is Madame Picard coming to-day?"

"No, I don't think so. What for?"

"Oh, Susan, don't be foolish! Why, no one's seen the dress on you since it came home. There may easily be some little adjustment needed. I'll ring her and tell her to look in."

The wedding dress, the guests, the reception—no, there wasn't any way of getting away from it all, except through a worse disaster . . .

Una came in with letters and busied herself discreetly, straightening a coverlet, putting the handglass back on the table. "Is your tea hot, madame? Would you like a fresh pot? Shall I take your tray, Miss Wynne?"

She paused by Susan's table, looking down at the tray with her sidelong glance that seemed to note the lack of appetite, and the reason for it.

That, for Susan, was one of the horrors of to-day—the feeling of being under a microscope, with the workings of her mind laid bare to everyone.

A step sounded below on the gravel.

Margaretta asked: "Who's that, Una? Is it someone coming in?"

Una looked over the balcony. "No, madam, it's only Mr. Adams going out."

Susan sat rigid, not turning her head, and Una's lowered eyelids as she stooped for the tray spoke volumes.

"Oh, is that all?" Margaretta said crisply, slitting open an envelope.

Susan thought, So now he's gone, and I'm tied down here, not able even to look round and watch him go out the gate. As in a nightmare my feet are hurrying after him and yet they haven't moved one step away from where I'm rooted. I'm shouting to him, Come back and help me through this awful day . . . And he doesn't hear.

The steps had reached the gate. He was running up the road now to the tram, feeling, no doubt, that yesterday was just a very odd and unpleasant incident, closed, and to be dismissed from mind . . .

When Margaretta was up and dressed she seemed stronger and more full of energy than she'd been for a long time. In the morning-room she kept Susan for over an hour, inspecting and discussing the presents that had arrived during her week of illness.

"That's pretty. Of course it's only a modern copy. This is nice, but you've two like this. You'll have to change one of them." And so on and so on—"Delightful piece—Not very good taste—Rather stingy . . ."

Then each one of the four bridesmaids had to be telephoned to. Since the tragedy they had been standing off in an aghast circle, wondering if the occasion to wear those dresses of silver brocade were going to be snatched from them.

With a word to each, Margaretta settled that point once and for all.

The nightmare morning dragged through to one o'clock, and sitting at the table where less than twenty-four hours ago Bob had faced that monstrous battery of questioning Susan sat now opposite Margaretta eating cold chicken and cheese souffle.

Afterwards, sitting in the drawing-room listening to Margaretta's talk of how spineless Veronica was with Clive, how strong and dependable and unselfish William had always been, Susan asked herself why this passion of Margaretta's to make the marriage go forward!

The family didn't need her money. William had plenty, Margaretta still more, and no one but him and Veronica to leave it to. It could only be because of this senseless urge of Margaretta's to dominate.

Glancing across at the thin brown face, the narrow eyes, and polished black hair, Susan struggled with herself to feel less bitter. Perhaps if you were an invalid, shut off from living, you had to compensate by keeping the strings of other people's lives the more firmly in your hands.

ABRUPTLY Susan gave up the struggle with herself. After all that had happened she was in no mood to feel forgiving. She put down her cup and got up.

"I must write a note to Dad. The telephone's so difficult."

"What day will he be down?"

"Monday, I think."

Alone in her room she sat down at the writing table. Her father was one more who wanted to see her married to William, but not for any of the same reasons. William was good and solid, a safe person to leave her with when he was gone. So Dad was another one to keep up a front for.

". . . quite all right except for this ghastly affair of poor Eddie Heatherington's death," she wrote. "It reads all very sensationally in the papers, but I feel sure it'll turn out to be not the deliberate crime it appears but something, perhaps, like the time the cyanide fell off the shelf into poor little Fluff's milk——"

She paused with raised pen, looking straight ahead of her. Where was it now, that little, square mustard tin? Who could have taken it? Who could even have known she had it? For what purpose had it been taken? . . .

The telephone rang. Friends wanting to chat to her.

Soon after three Klinger arrived to give Margaretta her treatment.

Stretched out face downwards on her bed, while Josef Klinger's broad cushioned fingers worked their magic on her, Margaretta was as near to being relaxed as she could ever be. Her face, turned sideways on the pillow, wore an expression of contentment, though the trend of her talk was still dissatisfied.

"I've lost weight since this last attack, Klinger. I looked a perfect scarecrow when I got up this morning. . . . I'll have some light treatment after this. Did you bring the lamp?"

Please turn to page 60

"Wait'll you see this one!"

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Cyanide for Supper

Continued from page 59

AS Klinger nodded assent, Margaretta sighed, her head turning restlessly to the other side. "Isn't it awful to get old, Klinger? No way of stopping it, really. And life's only for the young."

Klinger murmured in his deep bass while his hands lifted and kneaded the neck and shoulder muscles: "That is only the viewpoint in the younger countries, Madam. In Europe the older woman is thought to be no less attractive than the young girl."

"Oh, rubbish! That's all nonsense! Not that it matters to me. Or ever did. This wretched heart of mine! Always ready to conk out with the smallest exertion."

"The strain of the past few days has proved you stronger than you thought. To have survived this cr-r-iminal attack on your life . . ." The "r's" rolled impressively.

Stooped above her in his white coat, still rhythmically massaging, he began to tell her how important it was for health not to dwell on an unpleasant event; and how powerful was the power of thought to mould matter . . .

Una came in to say that Madame Picard had arrived and Miss Wynne was putting on her wedding dress, and did Madam want to see it?

The relaxed muscles sprang back into high tension. "Of course I want to see it. I'll be in in a minute. Tell them I'm coming."

With one movement she had reached out for her wrap, put it on, and got up off the bed. Tightening the gown round her waist, running a comb through her hair, she directed Klinger to wait on the balcony, to relax in a long chair himself, and Una to bring him sandwiches and tea.

Madame Picard was in the bedroom with Susan. Margaretta sent for them to come into the drawing-room: More room there to move about, to get the proper effect, and in a minute Susan came in, followed by the sallow-faced Frenchwoman.

"Oh, dear! It really is lovely." Margaretta sat back, narrowing her eyes appreciatively.

"Quite perfect, don't you think?" Madame Picard arranged a fold and turned Susan round.

But to ask Margaretta to agree was asking for trouble. "Well . . ." she said, expression less ecstatic now, "Walk to the door, Susan, and come back."

Susan obeyed, came slowly down the long room. The folds of the magnolia satin fell around her and the light set milky gleams rippling over the pearled bodice and over the pearly skin of neck and arms.

Margaretta said: "Yes . . . I do think, though"—there was a tense hush—"that if anything the waist is not quite snug enough. Do you see what I mean, Madame Picard?"

"No. No. I really cannot say that I do."

"Just a fraction."

"Not half a fraction."

Susan stood between them while they argued and demonstrated. It didn't surprise her that Margaretta declared that the dress was too loose. She had the feeling that there was nothing of her inside it . . . nothing but an emptiness.

The battle went forward, Margaretta gathering up a morsel of satin between finger and thumb and Madame Picard snatching it from her and smoothing it out again.

While they were still wrangling Hugo came in, and Margaretta broke off to talk about what he had come to tell her—that the florist had announced that the rain had spoilt the white irises and they'd have to use lilies instead.

Still Susan stood motionless. Standing by the table Madame Picard—her color not so sallow now—drank the tea that Una had brought her.

Appealed to about the dress Hugo agreed with the dressmaker. The frock, to his mind, was faultless. Susan was a dream in it.

But an opinion that proved different from her own might not have been spoken for all of Margaretta.

Finally, Madame Picard put down the cup and wiped her lips. Very well, the car was below; she would take back the dress and do what Mrs. Gaiford wished, but——

Like all Margaretta's worsted opponents, she felt not only worsted but irritated to quite an unwarranted degree, and her mouth was a thin line as in the bedroom she helped Susan out of the frock and went off with it.

Susan went to her wardrobe and took out another dress—a fine black crepe—slipped into it, and opened the drawer to get its gold belt.

Just under that pile of handkerchiefs she'd put the tin when she'd brought it in from Bob's flat yesterday afternoon, and in a flash the thought sprang at her that the person who'd taken it might use it again.

One attempt had been made on Margaretta's life by someone who hated her. Wasn't it logical to think that with the same means to hand another attempt was going to be made? To-night—to-morrow—some time . . .

She slammed the drawer shut and fastened the belt round her waist. There was no getting away from the thought, though, that was battering at her. What must she do? Tell William? No. Tell Margaretta herself? And frighten her into fits again? No.

There was only one person to tell—that inspector. She'd gone too far already in trying to play a lone hand. Now what she ought to do was to hand the responsibility over to the police. She crossed the room reluctantly.

She took up the telephone book and began to look in it for the address of Police Headquarters.

Her hand stopped before she found it. Another thought was assaulting her resolution. Old Phipps. A silly muddled old man, sitting down there in his cottage with his cats and his newspapers and his full life of nothing. Now was she going to involve him up to the neck in catastrophe, possibly in arrest?

And even if nothing could be proved against him, the crime never solved, still the suspicion, the horror of it would remain.

She closed the telephone book. All this would come to him through her; through her meddling, through her taking the stuff off his shelf in the first place and leaving it carelessly in her room for someone to take. No, no, all that was bad enough, but she wasn't going to turn informer against him.

For that was what she'd be doing if she went to the police with this damning piece of evidence. It was out of the question. Unthinkable. She wouldn't do it. Never.

She went over to the shoe cupboard and took out black shoes, sat down in a chair and kicked off her white ones . . . White satin, diamond heels, her wedding slippers.

Hugo was still there, she could hear his voice. They were in the bedroom. And Klinger was there, too, setting up his lamps for the colored light treatment. Margaretta would keep him as long as he'd stay.

Susan caught the tone of the high brassy voice . . . Hateful voice, hateful woman! A sort of gooseflesh crept over her skin.

Then suddenly, sitting forward, shoe in hand, another thought burst like a bomb in the forefront of her mind.

To be continued

Mental patients become artists

EVERY one of the 2000 paintings and pieces of sculpture at a recent Paris art show was the work of mental patients.

It was the first international exhibition of art of the mentally sick.

The paintings attracted thousands of visitors at 5/- a time. Hard-boiled art critics described some work as "little masterpieces by any standard." Several of the canvases by mental patients who had never painted before they entered asylums are reproduced in A.M. for March, now on sale. Some are in full color.

QUIZ ANSWERS

Answers to quiz published on page 55: 1. Ballibuntal: From China. Reeds are cut, and woven under water for this straw. 2. Leghorn: From Italy. Originates as stalks of grain. 3. Crinoline: From Switzerland. Threads are chemically made and woven together. 4. Panama: In the past came from Panama as woven reeds. Present-day panamas are often made locally of glazed paper. 5. Sisal: Hemp from China. 6. Baku: Same as ballibuntal, only woven differently. 7. Kalutara: Comes from Ceylon. Reeds are cut and woven there. 8. Raccllo: From Switzerland and Italy. It is composed of artificial rayon, transparent paper, and visca. 9. Peanut straw: Made in Italy from wheat stalks. 10. Raffia: Originally a product of palm trees in Madagascar, but is imported here from Jamaica, Italy, and Switzerland.

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M-W.318

Samson

Continued from page 9

EDWARDS continued his story. "The group-captain and Mrs. Murdoch were smothered, as if they'd been—begging your pardon, sir—having a go at each other, playful-like, with bags of flour."

"Have you any more visiting cards to leave?" Murdoch asked hoarsely.

Edwards felt in his pockets.

"No, sir," he said, disappointed that his reply was somehow not as helpful as he would have liked.

At that moment the District Commissioner, "Bags" Foster, fat and jovial, loomed up and boomed out:

"Hallo, Gregory! Special night bombing exercise? Or just having a party?"

"My newest recruit has been paying me a friendly call," Murdoch replied, furiously sarcastic.

Foster surveyed the columns. One had fallen through the front door into the hall. Both were in pieces. The rubble of the heavy sun-proof porch lay three feet deep.

"Good thing he wasn't annoyed with you," he remarked.

Edwards cleared his throat.

"Will that be all, sir?" he ventured.

Murdoch looked at him; he seemed to be searching for words; then he said with a suppressed ferocity that made Edwards feel that "the group-captain had got me all wrong, as you might say, sir."

"All?" He seemed to choke before he could go on. "Get out of here while I've still got a roof over my head."

Sadly frustrated, Edwards was starting his engine when he became aware that his way was blocked by a sacred cow, which had chosen to lie down on the drive for a cud-chewing session.

Nearby a couple of Brahmini bulls were rooting the grass on the front lawn. These animals rove the bazaars, eating their fill from the stalls of greengrocers or corn dealers.

To prevent them is disrespectful. Riots have started only because a wrathful Moslem has dared to drive a sacred Hindu cow from his merchandise.

Edwards pressed his horn but the desert dust accumulated in its innards limited it to a husky cough.

"What is it now? Want the whole bungalow to move out of your way? Get on out!" (I extract the printable sections of Murdoch's observation.)

"I can't, sir. I've got a sacred cow ahead," Edwards called back.

"You've got a sacrilegious row ahead," rasped Murdoch.

Foster roared laughing while Murdoch charged angrily round the bungalow and struck the animal with all his force. Now the Indian cow's hide is tough and the effect on Murdoch was as though he had smashed his fist on a slab of marble. Speechless, he dropped his paralysed arm.

The cow twitched its tail with a fly-flicking movement but remained otherwise indifferent. Not so the bulls.

They had not cared for the abruptness with which Murdoch had entered their field of vision, and they cared still less for his attitude towards one who was (Edwards surmised) respectively their wife and mother. Lowering their heads, the bulls advanced.

Edwards' well-meaning attempt to distract their attention by what were intended as vigorous blasts on his horn merely suggested that he thought the situation called for a series of discreet, behind-the-hand coughs.

There was nothing else for it. Murdoch ran. The servants took off before him as one man and fled like a ghostly rout of dervishes to the compound in rear.

In a twinkling the bulls had chased the group-captain and the District Commissioner on to the side verandah and cornered them with a neat wheeling manoeuvre. Fortunately, a large wardrobe offered a ready-made funk hole and into this Foster (laughing) and Murdoch (gasping) shut themselves.

Whereupon, first one and then the other bull sank cumbrously on to the verandah floor and brooded at the wardrobe.

The sounds emerging from the wardrobe made it clear that Foster had given himself over to loud laughter—so infectious that even the soured Murdoch spotted the joke and burst into guffaws.

The tug between Edwards' companionable itch to join in heartily and his sense of discipline resulted in fits and starts of the giggles, which he kept as respectful as possible.

"Things had been getting so unsociable, it quite cheered me up to hear the gentlemen larking about in their cupboard," he confided to me. "I thought Mr. Foster would have it over before he'd finished."

Scores of Indian servants from neighboring bungalows, who had collected to lean interestedly with both elbows over the garden walls, began to laugh, too.

Into this happy picture, which was rapidly warming up as the sun gained height, there now rode a trim figure on a splendid horse. Edwards recognised the brigadier commanding the sub-area out for his pre-breakfast canter.

Please turn to page 62

ANACIN STOPS 'FLU FASTER

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STOP PAIN FASTER

THE FAMILY SCRAPBOOK

By Dr. Ernest G. Osborne

THOUGH few parents like to face the fact, it is not at all uncommon for children to be unwanted.

The Jones', for instance, were just able to keep going financially when they found they were going to have another child. Both of them were terribly upset, and didn't see how they could possibly afford it. The Treadwells were young and gay, and not ready to take on the responsibilities of being parents. For these and many other reasons, children sometimes arrive into the world unwanted.

In rare cases these feelings of resentment persist after the child is born. Usually, however, his arrival brings about a great change in feeling. Parents do not understand how they could possibly have felt as they did. A deep sense of guilt makes them over-anxious to make up for what now seems a completely incomprehensible attitude.

But often this over-anxiety leads to the start of over-protection and over-solicitousness. So much is done for the youngster that he cannot learn to stand on his own feet.

Recognising the fact that certain circumstances can cause human beings to have feelings of rejection about the coming of children is a first step in meeting the situation in a positive way.

Those who insist on keeping alive their sense of guilt are unconsciously doing a disservice to the child they now cherish.

CHILDREN like to be considerate. If for no other reason, it makes them feel grown-up and important.

Sally and Jean were under twelve.

Never let them feel unwanted.

One morning while their mother was busy preparing their school lunches they slipped into their parents' bedroom, made the bed and straightened things up generally.

On other occasions, too, they have gone out of their way to do little things which were not expected of them.

And, while they are no angels, and often fail to help when their parents want them to, the girls enjoy doing things for other members of the family.

There is no particular secret that explains Sally's and Jean's behaviour. Almost any child, in the right circumstances, will do the same thing. If, when these acts of consideration occur, parents express their appreciation and, if the same kind of consideration is shown by parents to youngsters, it is almost inevitable that they will become more and more thoughtful.

If, however, there is constant harping on the fact that they are not considerate, a good deal of resistance is almost sure to develop.

"I could hardly believe my ears!"

"It seems that some scientists have been making certain laboratory tests recently—and have proved that Vegemite contains nearly three times as much Vitamin B_1, as other yeast or vegetable extracts!

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Samson

Continued from page 61

THE brigadier, and his horse, appeared frankly suspicious at what they saw: a Hindu cow daring to sprawl on a senior British officer's drive—two Brahmini bulls outrageously using his verandah as though it were some naked faquir's hut—hordes of mutinously jeering Indians — a wretched R.A.F. driver terrorised into sniggering imbecility — the Murdochs' bungalow dynamited!

Only a week ago the brigadier's troops had had to open fire on a bazaar-looting mob; and now here was evidently some new form of seditious demonstration. Instinctively he drew a revolver and as instinctively he cocked it.

Edwards had begun the process of thinking out some explanation that would put everybody concerned in a good light — when another unlooked for turn in the exercise had all ranks guessing.

A noise as of a crazy schoolmistress tearing along clanging an assembly bell with one hand and firing a submachine gun with the other resolved itself into the Sindhipur fire-engine, which skidded to a brake-screeching stop within inches of the sacred cow.

At once the scene sprang from still life to high-speed action. Eight Punjabi firemen slid from the engine, unrolled hoses, and made other threatening gestures towards any lurking conflagration.

From a standing jump, the brigadier's horse cleared the cow, leaped superbly over the five-foot brick wall, scattered the crowd right and left, and bolted for home, while the brigadier circled overhead and (as witnesses afterwards swore) exploded in mid-air.

Actually he landed in one piece on a rose bush with a smoking revolver whose trigger he had involuntarily squeezed on the way. The bullet had grazed the sacred cow, causing her to jerk indignantly to her four feet and to lollop off, askew on three, towards the servants' quarters, where her arrival was acknowledged back some seconds later by remote discord. The bulls crashed loyally after their wife and mother.

Foster and Murdoch peered sweatily from their wardrobe, took one look at the fire-engine, another at the inexplicable figure of the brigadier, (his face scarlet as the roses in which he sat) and staggered out, the tears streaming from their eyes.

"Another early morning caller," Foster spluttered. "What a p-p-popular fellow you are, Gregory!"

"Why the f-f-fire-engine?" sobbed Murdoch. "I thought he was cavcavalry."

"Me--me--" cackled Foster, in uncontrollable dots and dashes, "--chanised," he finished with an effort.

"You don't think I came in that!" raged the brigadier, waving his revolver at the engine with a motion that sent the firemen beetling for cover behind it. "I rode in—but I've lost my horse."

This information swept Foster and Murdoch into new gales of laughter. "He-he didn't come in the f-f-fire-engine. He-he came on a ho-horse, but he's lost it," they assured each other between paroxysms.

The brigadier seemed ready to let fly some caustic comments, possibly emphasised by gun-fire, when Mrs. Murdoch stepped on to the verandah. Her ash-blond hair was in review order, her morning make-up in place, and she wore a snowy, short-sleeved dress.

"Shall we stop acting like characters in a comic strip?" she suggested equably.

Then to the firemen she said in Hindustani: "Enough. It is well done, but it is finished. Thank you. Go now quickly."

To Foster: "While Gregory has a bath, I wish you'd come in, Bags, and phone the P.W.D. an order to clear this mess up—to-day—this morning—within an hour. They'll take it from you. And then you'd better stay to breakfast."

Turning to the rose bush, she said smoothly: "Good morning, brigadier. It's nice to see you at all times. Some bacon and eggs while we send for your car?"

Alone at last, Edwards was, for the third time, about to leave when his glance fell on my visiting cards lying neglected on the lawn.

He jumped down, dusted them on his sleeve, scrambled over the fallen masonry into the hall, put them on a tray with other cards, and drove off with the satisfaction of one who had done his duty but was glumly aware that the result was not what England had expected.

There was a slight jar as he swung into the road, but as Edwards was concentrated on watching out to avoid hitting anything more with his girders, it didn't register itself on his mind. Arrived at the hangar, he found a five-barred gate hooked on to his rear. Painted on it in white was "Group-Captain G. Murdoch, R.A.F." The girders were undamaged.

As I listened to Edwards, my stomach turned slowly over. I was barely out of school and I'd made the heads of Sindhipur's four most important departments—the civil, military, air, and social—the laughing stock of the whole district.

"Well, Edwards, don't you worry," I sighed. "I'll take over the wreck from here. I'd better look in on the group-captain before he sends for me."

He was, however, away for the day. I had time to reflect. That the District Commissioner and Murdoch had been able to laugh at themselves offered a gleam. But Mrs. Murdoch? Told maliciously, the story of my cards could make her out a ridiculous snob. She'd watch and drop vitriol on everything I did until Murdoch agreed with her estimate of my character.

The more I thought, the more I felt that Mrs. M. was the femme that I ought to chercher as soon as possible. If I handed her a man-sized apology and was able to weave into it the idea that the joke was against me—not her—I might not only get a cease-fire but perhaps even sign her up as an ally.

I still think that this appreciation was sound but what I didn't allow for was the difference between the man of the world who was running over his lines alone in front of a mirror and the bashful babe who was to prop himself up as a target in front of a woman with a quiverful of experience in shooting down babes of all ages.

A smart head bearer, all in white, answered my knock at the bungalow. Summoning my courage, I followed him into a large and agreeable living-room.

In an Indian bungalow, doors are always open to catch the draught and you hear everything from one end to the other. I heard the bearer announce me and Mrs. M. say, "Tell him to wait."

The minutes dawdled by while the sweat oozed down my back. At the end of fifteen minutes when she'd got me feeling like an advanced battle-fatigue case, Mrs. M. strode in.

WITH her there came a whiff of the kind of perfume that helps to keep body and soul apart. Her dress was in the expensively simple class that makes mixed juries sarcastic with each other . . . Her face was expressionless. She held two smudged visiting cards in the extreme tips of her fingers.

"I believe these belong to you. Please take them," she observed, and stretched out her hand.

In my numbed state, I failed to catch hold properly and the whirling punkah blew the cards behind me. It seemed a risk to stoop for them but she kept a grip on herself and took no advantage of my momentarily defenceless base.

Apologies were obviously useless. I bowed and stumbled to the door, ducking instinctively as I sensed a movement behind me.

"If, without smashing anything more than is essential," Mrs. M. was saying, "you'd leave your cards in the hall as you go out, perhaps you'll dine and dance with us at the club to-morrow."

I wasn't sure that I'd heard aright, but it was no use dodging the flak at that late stage, so I turned round. She was smiling at me.

"But you'd better walk," she laughed. "The club verandah has six columns."

Here was the cue for my carefully rehearsed apology, but I didn't recognise the lines that came forth.

"Mrs. Murdoch, you're swell! Er—I mean frightfully decent. I'm terribly sorry about the cards and the columns and the cows and the wardrobe and—er—everything. And thanks awfully."

Old man Murdoch was a sportsman too. He skipped the flaying and just began calling me "Samson" . . . That was Edwards' luck all over; he did the job and someone else took all the credit.

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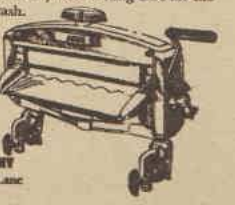

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